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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXIII No. 2394 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 8 1945

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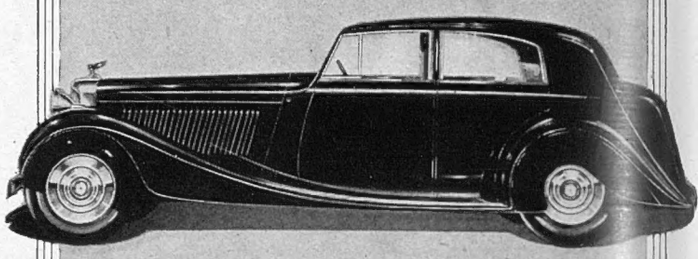

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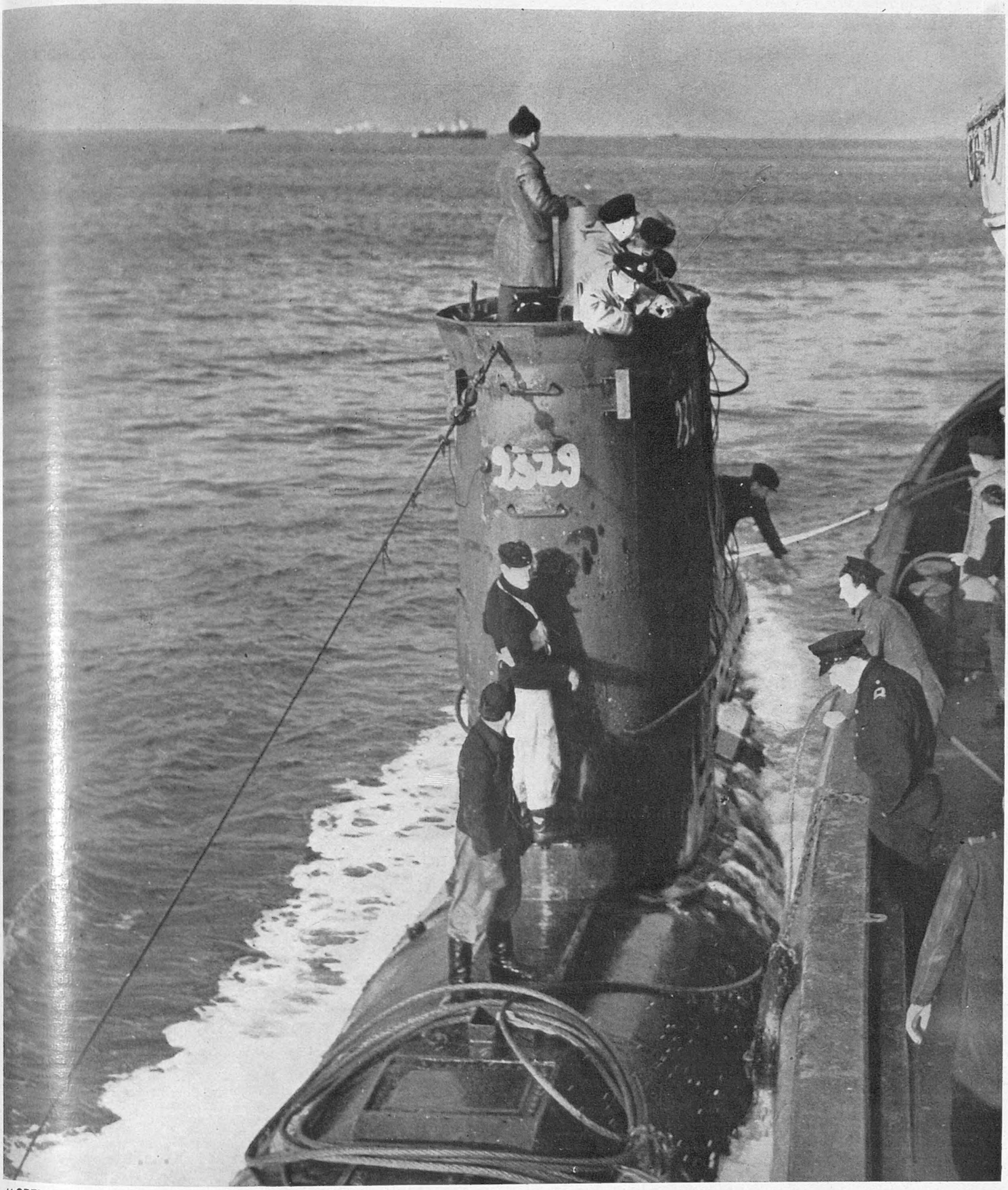
Volume CLXXXIII No. 2394

The SPHERE, London, December 8, 1945

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



"OPERATION DEADLIGHT" BEGINS: GERMAN U-BOATS ARE SCUTTLED 1,000 FATHOMS DEEP IN THE ATLANTIC. Members of the original crew of one of the enemy submarines, U-boat 2329, fixing towage cables to an Allied destroyer before setting out for the scuttling ground

In the course of the next few days 100 German U-boats are to be sunk at a spot about 100 miles east of Bloody Foreland off the North-West Coast of Ireland, the scene of the sinking of fifty Allied merchantmen in the dark days of 1942. This spot has been chosen for its great depth of 1,000 fathoms at the request of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, in order to avoid the contamination of fishing by oil seepage. "Operation Deadlight," as it is called, is being carried out by naval vessels of the Allied nations, with the aid of German crews who themselves manned the vessels during hostilities. The operation began from Loch Ryan, where most of the U-boats were spending their last days. The German crews helped to fix the U-boats to the tow-hawsers of the destroyers, and they were then towed out to the 20-square-mile scuttling ground. The weather was so bad that the first batch—all practically brand-new examples of the Mark 23 type of 250 tons—could not be destroyed by the explosive charges placed in the hull, and had to be blown up by gunfire from the destroyers

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Truman and Big Three.—

One of Mr. Truman's great merits is that he is never afraid to admit a change of mind. A fine instance is his changed view of Palestine as a portmanteau national home for Jewry. Another might reasonably be cited from his latest pronouncement on a revision of the Potsdam agreement on a material point always dear to the Western Powers, and to the scrapping for ever of "Big Three" highest-level conferences. It would be odd if the American President did not at this stage (so very different from the atmosphere of the war years) give a lead in liberalising and democratising the deliberations of the United Nations by giving much more weight to the voices of the smaller nations of good will. The Big Three were once an essential expedient, a war dictatorship to fight dictatorship; a dictatorship of three strong personalities who agreed and co-operated because they simply had to do so. All that is changed, partly by death or change of Government, partly through the cessation of hostilities. Since then, the big three have been an anachronism, a stranglehold on progress, a cause of dissension and mistrust. It remains to see what influence and power lie behind and are to hand to secure the acceptance of Western democratic ideals in the field of international relations.

Conservatism in Our Time?

—Very well, then. I grant that appreciative cheers would certainly greet Mr. Churchill's phrase: "All enterprise is fettered, the queues are longer, faces are longer, shelves are barer." It is the truth, the truth as bare as the cupboards. It is odd that only that week, first time since 1940, I suddenly realised that *we are not getting enough to eat*. Well, it is true enough. But if the Conservatives are, in the next year or two, to fight back to a position of real opposition—that is, to become again a fifty-fifty chance alternative Government—they must cut the cackle and come down to brass tacks. First, they must make up their minds about the real reasons for the landslide in the older parties at the late elections. The Army did not throw Churchill to the dogs out of sheer malice or vile ingratitude. Nor did the Home front. No one doubts that hundreds of thousands of "sane, decent" people, who had always hitherto voted "right," suddenly swung round and voted "left," and that to date no change of heart is perceptible, despite bitter discomfort and disappointments and deferred hopes. More than this, a majority of these chameleons are still unrepentant and are saying: "Yes, we are disappointed at the slow progress, but golly! what would have been the state of England (strikes and so forth) if the Tories had been at the helm? The world is in a dreadful state, but these Socialists are doing as well as can be expected." The Conservatives had a long reign of unfettered power. Social reforms cried out to be accomplished. Much was accomplished, under pressure and otherwise. But not enough. It is what the Conservatives left undone which told against them at the elections, not the promises nor the propaganda nor the efficient organisation of the Socialist party machine. What the Tories failed to do (and still fail) was to throw overboard an *attitude of mind* which belonged to the age of privilege and is to-day intolerable to the young—the relics of Edwardianism. That attitude of mind you may label with many names and recognise by many signs:—"Nostalgie for Stockbrokershire," addiction to the counsels of old salt-horse capitalists, blind imperialists, uncompromising bosses. The attitude of mind that does not see the red light in filling up the minor posts in a new Government with a handful of young dukes, just because they *are* dukes. What the Tories will not see is that it is the *little* red rags which annoy the young bulls; not *this* policy or that. The young men are not interested in Edwardianism, have no veneration for "our ancient constitution." The young do not object to the waving of the Flag of Empire; they may well prefer it to the Red Flag. But what they cannot endure are the little red rags, adherence to many an outworn convention or tradition of a vanished era, which the Tories *will* not scrap. So Conservatism lives in a world of unreality, under its old Victorian statesmen. For the rest, I thought I detected one inconsistency in Mr. Churchill's discourse before the Censure debate. If the Socialists' vast programmes of social betterment are indeed nearly all of them *Coalition* measures of the late Government, the argument that they are financially reckless (as they are) hits both ways. It hits the Conservatives as hard as it hits the Socialists. Public opinion forced both parties to schemes on a scale which a bankrupt nation cannot afford.

Conservative Aims.

—A new booklet—illustrated—sets forth the Conservative policy in opposition, and presumably in power, if so be. . . . I have not seen the illustrations. I gather the letterpress requires illustration. It is well enough to declare: "We fight for the people." "The fundamental control is self-control." "We believe in private property, individual enterprise, the value attached to the home and family." But these are mere phrases, quite good phrases, no doubt. Yet I think the new young Conservative asks for more than generalisations. The late Liberals shipwrecked on vague phrases. The young Conservative wants first to be assured that the old party recognises at last a rather tremendous change in the political opinion of the youth of England. Does the "old party" realise at last, or does it *not*, that there were, and are, some things in the old conservatism that youth, of whatever colour, will no longer endure or support at any price, however much they may hate State control. More than once I have tried to list these relics and to catalogue the shibboleths and museum-pieces to which the Victorian-rooted statesmen still cling. If challenged, I will list them again. Until they are thrown overboard publicly (not in generalisations, but by means of a published black list of items named and condemned), I don't think that the most careful and high-sounding phrases will cut much ice with young England. And that is a pity in my view.

A Government's First Duty.

—I take it that ideally a Government's first duty is . . . to govern. Nowadays one observes many a sinister instance that that is a duty which Governments admit they cannot perform. For example, it is no justification for preferring an unfair to a just tax on the ground that the just tax would give a handle to the black market. Yet that was Mr. Dalton's argument, or one argument, against a fuel tax for cars. A fuel tax may or may not be the best and fairest form, but no Minister should reject it on the ground that it would increase opportunities for a form of crime which efficient government should stamp out. There are other sinister instances of the same deplorable admission of failure in many Governmental references to unauthorised strikes. The line the Minister takes is invariably: "Don't annoy the mad bull or you will make him madder." The notion of *taking the bull by the horns* has been long since rejected as risky. One is sometimes left with the idea that modern Government in Democracy can only show its strength and dictatorship in dealing with the peaceable, orderly citizens. On them it will always vigorously turn the screw; but on the recalcitrants it prefers to turn . . . the blind eye.

Medals.

—The problem of awarding medals and other decorations is in its way as difficult as the problem of Palestine. No system or decision can hope to please everybody. Always a heart is broken for every heart that swells with pride. The subject has again been raised in Parliament in a rather bitter speech. It is, I suppose, a trivial problem compared, say, with the problem of saving a million children from starvation or achieving security from the atomic bomb. But it is still a burning problem in countries which retain some vestiges of civilisation and amenity. And therefore the corollary is in point: Medals and ribbons are for *show*. Otherwise a printed certificate of merit or valour would serve as well. There are thousands of decorated men who, as soon as demobilised, will put their medals away and never in years have occasion to wear them again. The Coalition Government foresaw this and promised to consider "appointed days" each year when the wearing of ribbons or medals would be the mode. But the Socialist Government have not yet pursued this proposal. Perhaps they will, when they have time. Perhaps they won't. The problem was never of first importance. So long as the wearing of medals by civilians is not encouraged or authorised on special occasions, the grievances evoked by faulty distribution will solve themselves by mere lapse of time. Human memory is very short. In a few months nobody remembers who did, and who did not, win the crosses for valour. In the case of medals, what the eye does not see, the mind does not grieve over. Probably the Socialist Government is aware of this truth.

THE HEAD OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY ATTACKS THE SOCIALISTS—Mr. Winston Churchill addressing the Central Council of the Conservative Party: In his fighting speech last week, Mr. Churchill appealed to the people of Britain to "revive the powerful heartbeat of the nation and make headway against the morbid, reactionary Socialists." He said that we were living in a land where queues grow longer, faces longer and shelves barer. All enterprise was divided and fettered. He especially singled out for criticism Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Housing Minister, and Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, whom he described as "a great advocate of strength through misery." He foresaw that events would move towards the issue of the People versus the Socialists

Ex-King Peter.

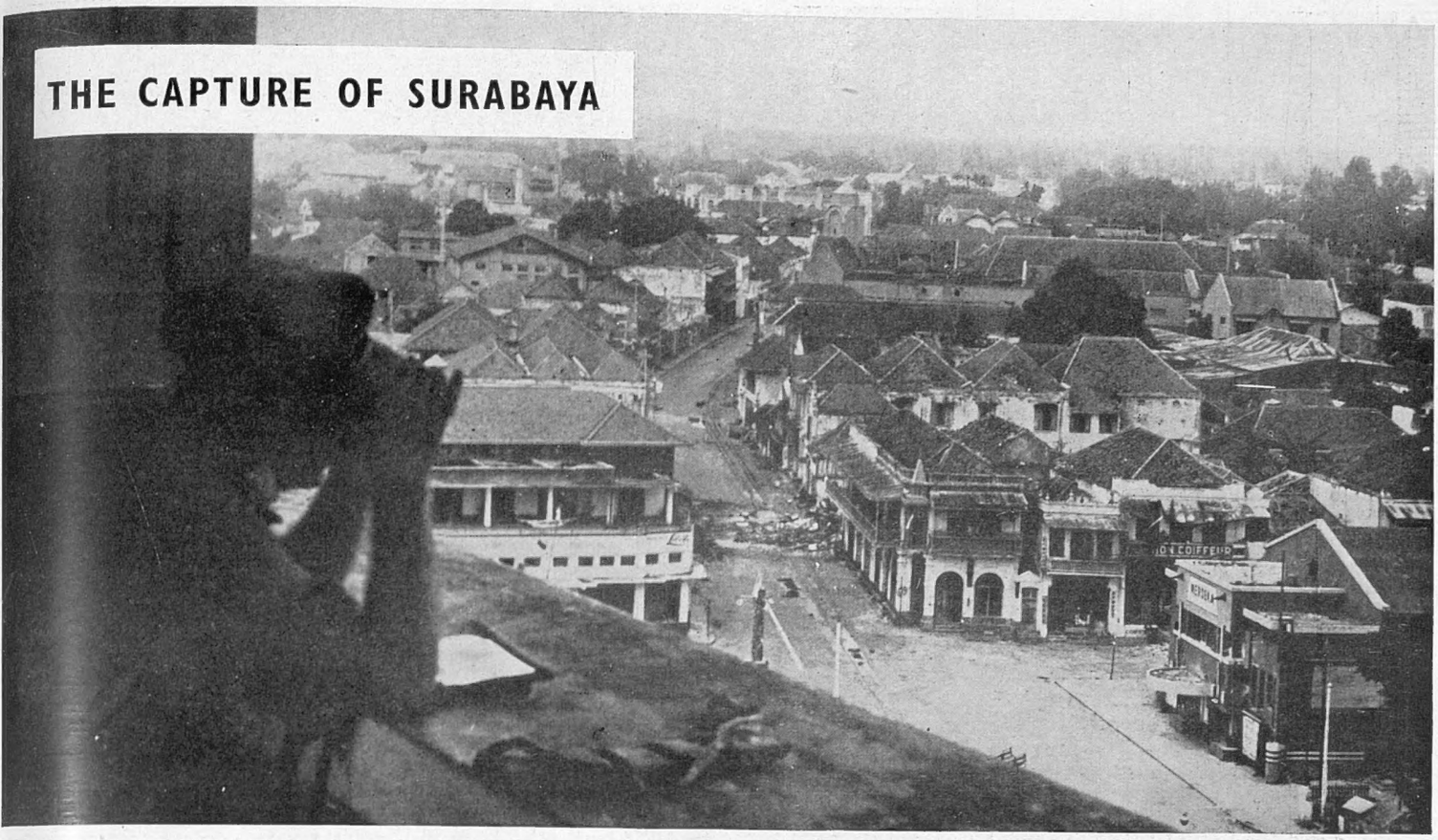
—Yugoslavia has proclaimed herself a Republic. By what majority vote of the mass of the nation this political change was accomplished it is difficult to assess, but it seems probable that King Peter II. will live and die an ex-king in exile. But "you never know" with those Balkans. The House of Karageorgevitch has had rather an eyelid- than a stranglehold on the throne, and you and I might well feel that in those Ruritanian regions the game of majesty is not worth the candle of anxiety. King Peter is pretty bitter against Tito, and small wonder. Certainly, the argument that he fled his kingdom in the hour of its peril and abandoned his peoples to their fate is illogical, if not unjust. No one would apply the same argument to the Sovereigns of Holland or Norway. On the contrary; no one doubts that the Queen of Holland did the right thing and made a wise decision, which the King of the Belgians might well have followed with advantages. King Peter was young and inexperienced. His position was impossibly difficult. He lacked neither courage nor determination. Well, it is no affair of ours. We may register our sympathy with a young man dispossessed and disappointed. Perhaps he will come again, as Carol used to do.

Training the Gardener—New Style.

—After four years without any help in the garden, I welcome a gardener again, a handyman *par excellence*, energetic, strong, keen, resourceful. From now on (I hope) he will do the digging and weeding and cropping of the potato and cabbage patches and bring on the tomatoes, and perhaps sift the cinders and saw some logs—*on his working days*. But we are wise and prudent. We mean to start him in the way he should go (new style). The "way he should go" is the primrose path of short hours, holidays-with-pay and increased leisure. We cannot, of course, afford a whole-time gardener nowadays. We share our treasure with our neighbour. He devotes three days to us, two and a half to our neighbour. He has been with us for a month, and so far (what with holidays-with-pay, bank holidays, national holidays, victory holidays and days-off to arrange his private affairs (rationing, fuel-rationing, fortnightly catering, health insurance arrangements, and so on), we have got about seventeen hours work out of him. And I can't describe the relief we feel, and the improvements made in our garden, as a result of this heaven-sent windfall of seventeen hours of expert assistance during the past blessed month. He is cheap at £16 per month, with free cottage and garden produce, electricity and water. His labour in my garden works out at roughly 12s. an hour. It is a foretaste of the New Charter of Labour.

THE OLD STAGER

THE CAPTURE OF SURABAYA

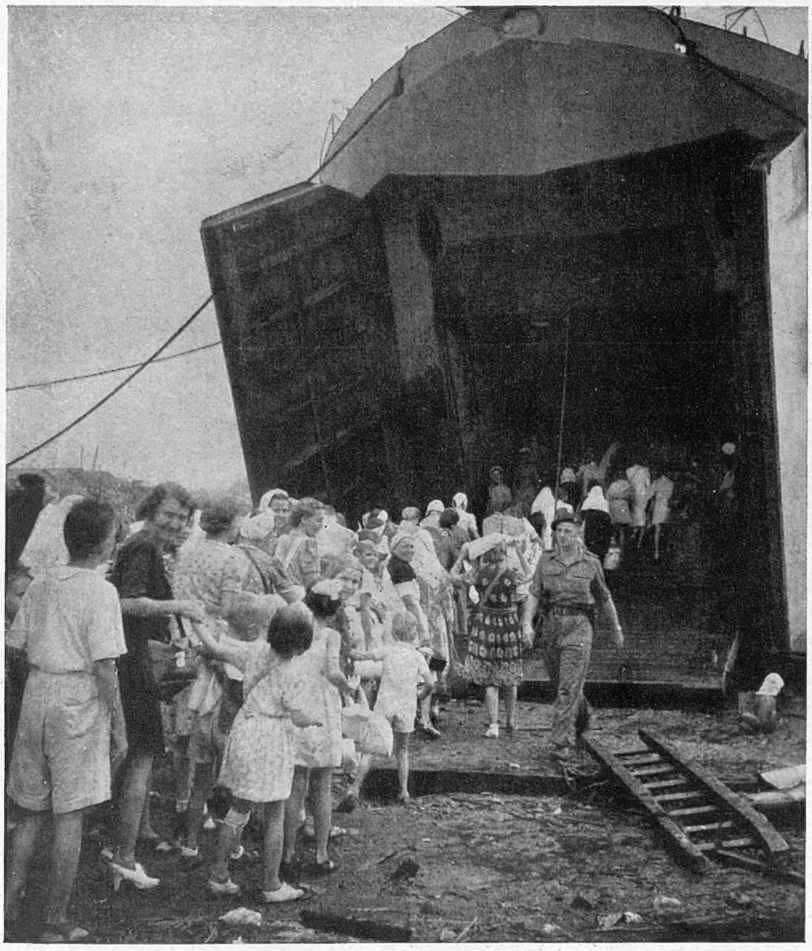


SURABAYA CITY JUST AFTER IT HAD BEEN TAKEN BY BRITISH TROOPS: The whole of this important Javanese city is now in British hands after three days of combined naval and aerial bombardment, and is occupied by the Fifth Indian Division. There was stiff fighting between Indonesian troops and the Gurkhas During the fighting this picture was taken from an artillery forward observation post on top of the newly-captured Government Administration building as an officer surveyed the section of the city ahead of his position. The officer is Captain D. W. Bryant, of Semaphore, Southern Australia, one of a number of Australians transferred to the Indian Army, and serving with the British in Java

THE JAP COMMANDERS IN JAVA ARE ARRESTED: Major-General Moichiro Yamamoto, Chief of Staff, surrenders his sword to Major-General Hawthorn at British H.Q. in Batavia: Lieut.-General Yuichiro Nagano, Commander of the Japanese Army in Java, and his Chief of Staff, Major-General Moichiro Yamamoto, were arrested by Major-General D. C. Hawthorn, G.O.C. 23rd Indian Division, in Batavia on November 14. Their trials will be held in Singapore

THE COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE SIXTEENTH ARMY IN JAVA, Lieut.-General Yuichiro Nagano, surrenders his sword to General Hawthorn: He is now to stand his trial in Singapore

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: THE RUSSIANS LEAVE THE CAPITAL. *On left*—**The group at the Saluting Base: M. Masaryk, Foreign Minister; President Benes; General Zadow, Soviet C.-in-C.; and Dr. Fierlinger, new Czech Prime Minister.** *On right*—**President Benes (wearing the uniform of a Czech Army General) decorates a Soviet flag at the farewell ceremony in Prague:** The first European city from which the Soviet troops have been withdrawn is Prague. At the farewell ceremony in the Czech capital, President Benes and the people of Prague expressed their warm gratitude to the Red Army, which played the decisive part in the liberation of their country. The withdrawal of the Soviet troops marks the final stage in the restoration of the complete sovereignty to Czechoslovakia



JAVA : DUTCH WOMEN AND CHILDREN BOARDING LANDING SHIPS AND OTHER SMALL VESSELS AT SURABAYA BOUND FOR BATAVIA : They have been evacuated in view of the attacks carried out by the Indonesian rebels

SOME OF THE 3,000 WOMEN AND CHILDREN : Their scanty personal belongings are carried in handbags and shopping baskets

Approximately 3,000 Dutch women and children were evacuated from Surabaya on November 4, after considerable delay caused by Indonesian attacks on the convoys bringing civilians to the evacuation point. Two days prior to the evacuation, one convoy of twenty trucks was attacked and only three of them managed to get through. The casualty list was about sixty women and children either killed, wounded or missing

TROUBLE CENTRES in EUROPE and the EAST

A DUTCH WOMAN AND HER TWO CHILDREN—WOUNDED BY THE REBELS—are carried aboard a transport for evacuation from the danger spot at Surabaya

THE FIRST CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE BRITISH, DUTCH AND INDONESIANS IN JAVA ON NOVEMBER 17 : This was held in the conference room of General Christison's Headquarters in Batavia at eight in the evening. From left to right here are : Mr. Masendeor Abdul Karim, Indonesian Minister of Transport ; Mr. Amir Sjarifoeden, Indonesian Minister of the Interior and of Internal Security ; Lieut.-General Sir Philip Christison ; Mr. Sjanrir, Indonesian Prime Minister ; and Dr. H. J. van Mook, Lieut.-Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies

THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE NEWLY-FORMED "INDONESIAN CABINET"—Sutar A. Sjanrir, in Batavia on November 17

***On right*—AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE :** In this picture, from left to right, are : Professor F. M. Baron van Asbeck, Dutch Government emissary ; Mr. C. O. Vanderplas (Dutch), Chief Civil Affairs Officer ; Dr. PA. J. Idenburg, Director of the Cabinet of the Lieut.-Governor-General ; Dr. H. J. van Mook, Lieut.-Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies ; Mr. Henry Walsh, Foreign Office Advisor to General Christison ; Mr. E. Dening Foreign Office Advisor to Lord Louis Mountbatten ; Lieut.-General Sir Philip Christison ; Brigadier N. D. Windgrove Chief of Staff ; Brigadier A. G. L. Maclain Chief Administration Officer ; Mr. Sjanrir Indonesian Prime Minister ; Mr. Amir Sjarifoeden, Indonesian Minister of the Interior and of Internal Security ; Mr. Masendeor Abdul Karim, Indonesian Minister of Transport ; and Dr. Putuhena Indonesian Minister of Public Works

SWEDEN AND THE BALTS

T THE BALTIC REFUGEE CAMP, WHERE GERMAN CIVILIANS ARE HELD FOR RETURN TO RUSSIA—A German, Kurt Schuler, marries a Danish girl, Margaret Sorensen : They are seen kneeling in front of the altar. After the wedding, the German attempted to commit suicide by severing an artery

The 165 Baltic refugees whom the Swedish Government wish to hand over to the Russians will e allowed to stay in Sweden. Many Swedes, who opposed their Government's decision, paraded rough the town on their way to the Royal Palace at Stockholm, demanding that the Balts be lowed to remain in the country. The embarkation of the refugees, which was planned for November 28, was cancelled, as it is thought that many of the Balts were not members of the Wehrmacht, but civilians who wore German uniforms to facilitate their escape. Dr. Elmars Eichfuss-Atvars, the Balts' spokesman, said, "Our decision is not to deliver ourselves alive to the Russians." The Swedish Government's postponement of the embarkation of the refugees ends a three-day National Swedish demonstration

SWEDISH DEMONSTRATORS IN FAVOUR OF THE BALT REFUGEES PARADE THROUGH A STREET IN STOCKHOLM, on their way to the Royal Palace : These public demonstrations, in opposition to the Government's proposal to ship the refugees to Russia, resulted in a cancellation of the expulsion order

THE RUSSIAN RAID IN BERLIN

USSIAN POLICE IN BERLIN ENTER THE BRITISH SECTOR IN SEARCH OF DESERTERS FROM THE RED ARMY : During the course of this raid, the Russians raided the Headquarters of the British Army's No. 5 Public Relations Service. On November 24 the Russian Military Police carried out a search for Russian deserters : they entered the British sector and carried out a two-day search, patrolling the streets and even invading British offices—where they demanded that the entire German staff should be paraded for examination. The matter is to be brought up at the next meeting of the Allied Kommandatura, it is stated

THE DISTURBANCES IN TEL-AVIV

TROOPS CHECK THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FOUND IN THE STREETS after rioting had swept through this Palestinian centre : A picture taken in Tel-Aviv on November 15 after troops of the 6th Airborne Division had been rushed into the city to deal with the rioting which had started on the previous day, when a curfew had been imposed.

(Other pictures from Palestine are given in this issue, on pages 294-5 and 306-7)

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The RIOTING in TEL-AVIV in PALESTINE

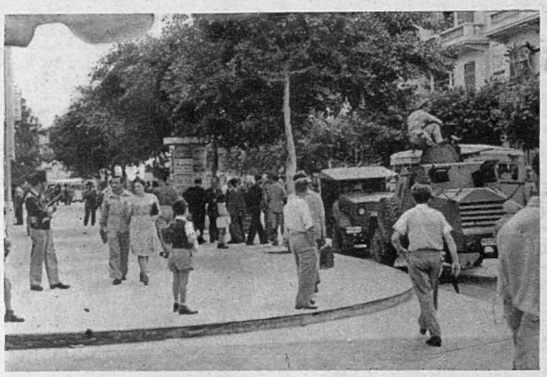
Pictures of the Extensive Damage Caused During the Two-day Outbreak

ON NOVEMBER 14, SEVERE RIOTING BROKE OUT IN THE BIG JEWISH SETTLEMENT OF TEL-AVIV, following Mr. Ernest Bevin's statement on Palestine: A curfew was imposed, but it was lifted for a few hours to allow the populace to do their shopping. The office of the Controller of Light Industries was destroyed by fire: damage to the building, equipment and stores of cloth was estimated at 60,000 Palestinian pounds. The mob set fire to the building by throwing lighted torches through the lower windows

AFTER IT HAD BEEN GUTTED BY THE FIRE: The Light Industries building in Tel-Aviv—which was, however, only one of a number destroyed by the rioters

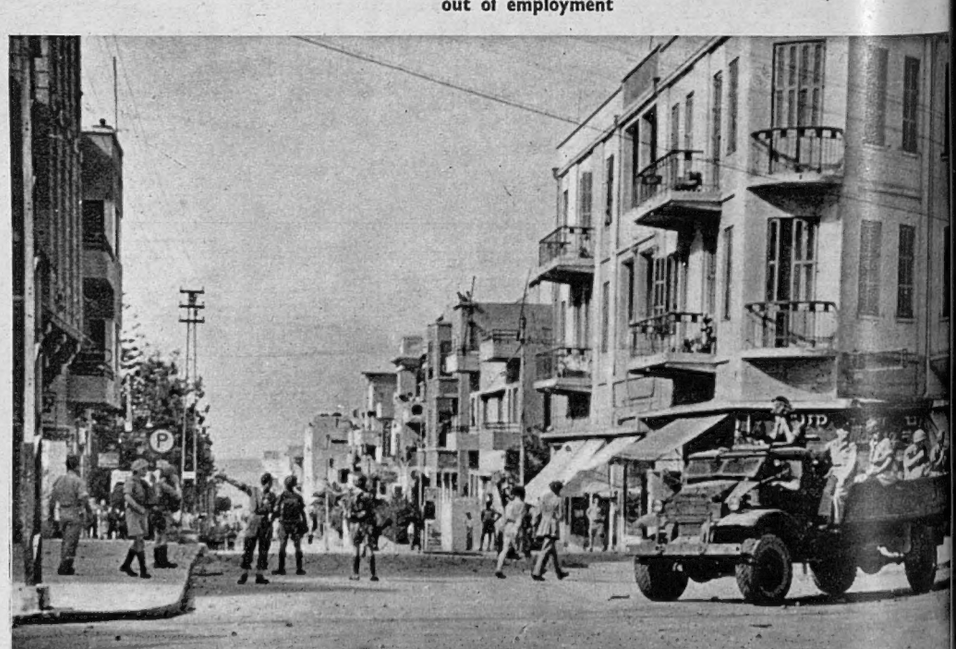
A MILITARY TRUCK CARRYING FLOUR THROUGH TEL-AVIV was set on fire in the famous Allenby Road: The rioters achieved their object after the Jewish driver had been injured when he tried to oppose them

AFTER IT HAD BEEN PILLAGED BY THE RIOTERS—SPINNEY'S, ONE OF THE BRITISH SHOPS IN TEL-AVIV. The damage throughout the town was estimated by the Acting High Commissioner for Palestine to be about £200,000. A number of Jewish employees have, in consequence, now been thrown out of employment



BRITISH ARMOURED CARS PARKED AT STREET CORNERS IN THE CITY, in addition to police patrols armed with automatic weapons. Note one of the policemen at the left, keeping an eye on passers-by

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE: The Lebanese mark the anniversary of the Balfour Declaration. These Lebanese students are marching in an orderly demonstration through the Syrian capital during the general strike, which started in all the Arab countries on November 2, as a protest against the Balfour Declaration which opened Palestine to Jewish immigration. In other places the scenes were not so orderly and bloody riots ensued, with troops aiding the police

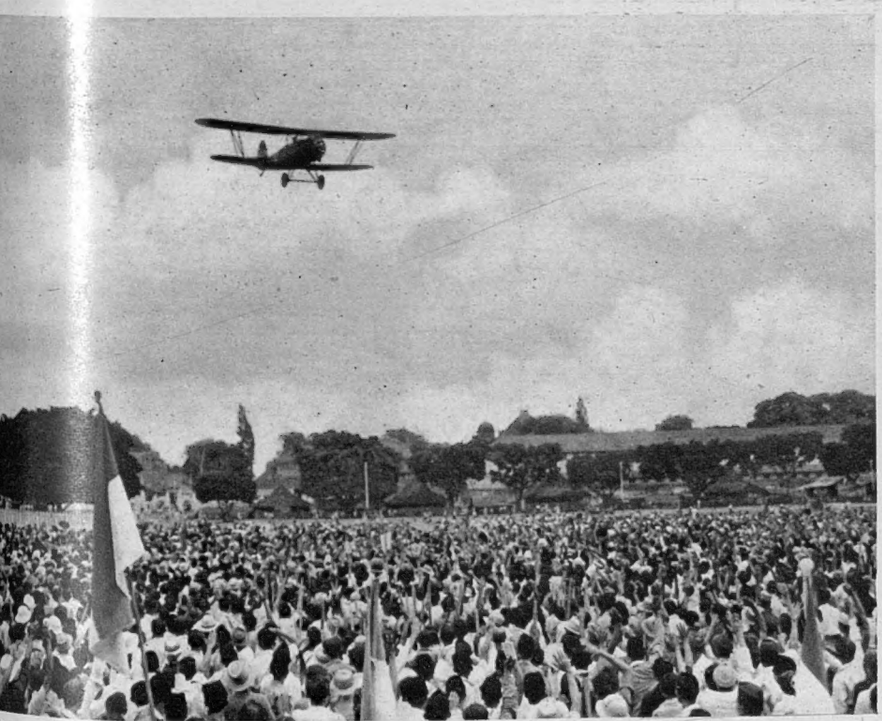


AIRBORNE DIVISION TROOPS CLEARING THE STREETS AFTER BEING STONED BY THE MOB: The streets are still littered with the stones and bricks used as missiles. The rioting continued for two days until the 6th Airborne Division was reinforced and the troops were able to disperse the mobs of determined rioters

CHING TO A YOUTH RALLY AT JOCKYAKARTA TO MEET THE INDONESIAN "PRESIDENT": When Dr. R. I. Soekarno and a number of his "National Cabinet" attended a rally at the Malay Arch in Jockyakarta, he addressed 50,000 Indonesian delegates from various parts of the island of Java, who are now in revolt against Dutch rule. Amongst those present were thousands of young men and women, representative of the native youth, who bore banners with Nationalist slogans and some of whom also bore primitive native arms. This picture was taken as the youth contingent marched on to the ground—some of them very youthful indeed! It is interesting as showing the types of men now engaged on lawless enterprises against the British

DEMONSTRATION in JAVA

A STUDY IN TYPES at the Youth Rally at Jockyakarta: The youngsters are carrying their "spears," made out of sharpened bamboo poles—dangerous and poisonous weapons in close fighting



NG THE RALLY, AN INDONESIAN PILOT, FLYING AN ANCIENT AIRCRAFT CAPTURED FROM THE JAPANESE, FLEW OVER THE MEETING-PLACE DROPPING LEAFLETS: He flew so low that he collided with the wires of the Public Address system, damaging them beyond repair and thus putting an end to Dr. Soekarno's speech. The pilot claimed later that he was frightened by an R.A.F. fighter plane which came into view during his mission

YOUNG INDONESIAN SCHOOLGIRLS listening to Dr. Soekarno's speech at the Malay Arch: Their banners contain Nationalist slogans, with particular reference to the Ghurkas now in the island

WITH THE GUARDS AT GODESBERG

A Visit to the Corner of the British Zone in Germany Occupied by the Guards Division

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is an old Army ache that "the Guards get the pick of what is going." Even the spectacular battle actions are supposed to be reserved for the honour-laden Brigade. Being at once the show soldiers and the troops of decision, undoubtedly the Guards do find themselves allotted more than the average military fare, hot and cushy alike. Yet I question whether the latest little ache can be substantiated—that the Guards Division has the best corner of the British zone of occupation.

From the visual, rural viewpoint, the Divisional Area is as good-looking as any sector I came across. It includes delightful patches of the Eifel range and the Rhine beauty-corner of Honnef; reaches to surprisingly fine uplands fringing the horrid Ruhr, and to the scarred but fine hill country of Malmédy, south of Aachen. Yet, if many comely villages remain entire, Godesberg is about the only whole resort, and neighbouring Bonn the only place that still looks like a town (part of it), so that the general picture of urban ruin created by bomb and battle in this Central Rhenish piece weighs against the "best corner" idea. In rainy, wintry weather the whole region diffuses depression, and its best attraction is probably propinquity to Brussels and Paris, although the Forces now have to pay their way in the former (15s. a day for officers down to 5s. privates) and short leave no longer prevails to Paris, unless you can produce friends there.

No, if I had my choice in the British Zone, I should plump for the Lübeck corner of Schleswig-Holstein, severe in winter but a relatively whole and prospering province, and with Denmark beckoning above, and Central Hamburg, still standing and quite a place, calling from below.

A flying (actually a dripping, jeeping) visit to the Guards Area did show, however, that this envied Division is making the very best of things, settling down and adapting itself as if it were going to stay out the Occupation in its present location. The visitor arriving in Bonn senses a special imprint—though I should add that many others are included in the Divisional Area, Gunners, Sappers, R.A.F., R.N., Control Commission, A.T.S., Waafs, and, I believe, a whole outside Brigade. Anyway, you feel that all have decided on a triple programme: to put up a continuous, cool efficiency, to look their best, and to get the best out of their surroundings. It particularly pleased to witness the programme operating in Godesberg, where we walk amid a Führer hang-over less smothered than anywhere I 've been. This was his second love, Godesberg, and that he once notably diffused his poisonality, can be noted from lingering look and remark.

At the Bonner Bergschehof, where I last stayed on my way back from a Nuremberg rally in 1936, what were the first uniforms I ran into, and did they not bespeak part of the triple programme? In the room of S.S. Black Guards, lounged young ladies of the Guards Repertory Company, no special piece of favouritism, but available to any from Ensa, and just now—the Company—under fire for playing in Paris and Brussels instead of sticking to the bleak Area. The excuse, to attract the attention of Ensa and get better material, I leave to others. There were also fetching parts of a Belgian revue company being entertained by a British War Correspondent about to be tried locally for adopting Hitler's butler; a colleague I hope I comforted.

Plays, operas, variety, orchestras, all are going strong, both British and German. There is a cascade of music, from the concerts at the Officers' Club at Godesberg (less stuffy than the Gunners' at Aachen) to the Rhineland Symphony Orchestra, and the one complaint I heard, the omnipotent Sunday School and Flour Expert, J. A. Rank, might note: increasingly obvious use of films as "vehicles for his psalm-singing outlook." All ranks may visit German-sponsored shows, where those who feel like it can hold Fraülein's hand, but no Germans are admitted to Ensa or "plus" shows, the reason being a chiefly feminine refusal to appear before Germans. There are also constant dances, to which long lorry journeys are made, and which the A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. now grace.

Never did Sappers work with more will, preparing quarters, than in converting an old Bonn cavalry barracks into a town within a town for the feminine arrivals. Kitchens, baths, showers, living quarters, a mess hall with concert platform, a big recreation room (ex-riding school), a church, a bar, a post office, cosmetic and flower shops, and a skittle alley—all were hewed and blasted in three weeks. Civilians live there too, and some distance away is a similar colony of Belgians working for us. Skittling on top floors is a noisy business, but I warn you the German variety is catching on and may be perpetuated at home. At one place I contributed to a sound Gaelic thrashing of the Sassenach.

But the pride of Bonn is the Divisional College launched by Lieut.-Colonel Haslewood, Irish Guards, from one servant and one jeep. Built as a training centre for German teachers, the College concentrates on the Forces Preliminary Examination, by passing which you stand a better chance of competing in the civilian market, and on vocational training. The staff picks its choice, taking qualified or "interrupted" students up to the age of forty-five, and every eight weeks a fresh 400 selected ones enter the portals. The technical side absorbs most in courses as builders, glaziers, plumbers, electricians, painters, and in motor engineering. The founder scrounged, or somehow begat, a most valuable and costly collection of German tools and machines, and altogether you may have to watch how you address ex-Guardee plumbers one day soon.

As satisfactory is the way in which Bonn industries have been restarted, notably paper and furniture. Of course, the main industries—the students and the garrison—have gone with the wind, and though we have got some schools going, and part of the University, frankly, what we "teach" at one ear, the children's female relations blow out again through the other; but that is a later story. Poor old Bonn, what a bright place it used to be before the Kaiser started playing the goat! I am certainly the only survivor of thirty-five years ago to walk, head up, through what we used to call "Swagger Bridge." Every evening students and officers would swank up and down the Remegiusstrasse, ogling the girls. Checking on other Bonn high-lights of those days, the University, the Rhine Bridge, the Alter Zoll, the royal villas of the Coblenzerstrasse, the Borussenhaus, where the Kaiser and his sons cut their student capers but not their cheeks, the Markt, the Kaiser-cafés of the Popplesdorferallee, all are in bits and pieces, including William I's face.

Sport rivals play in the Divisional area, and should do so even more under the new G.O.C., Major-General Marriott, a squash and soccer enthusiast. With the Cologne stadium for matches and athletic meetings, the Division is second to none in the Rhine Army (which B.A.O.R. calls itself more than conversationally and by tacit consent). Boxing has now started, and there used to be excellent skating on the Bonn tennis-courts in quite temperate winters. But some of the Division intend to blow £10 getting down to Switzerland for ski-ing, though the journey has got to be made through Paris, while a further tenner, or 175 Swiss, will be needed to meet a week's bills. What an excellent idea, though, for those that way inclined; the next best notion being a suggestion in *The News Guardian* that wives and families should cross to meet husbands in Brussels for seventy-two hours' leave at sheltered rates, "a welcome change from the worries of present-day Britain and conducive to good morale in the Rhine Army." This is something that definitely can be done from Easter on, if War Minister Lawson has the imagination.

The News Guardian, born on the Yorkshire Wolds in 1943 and only missing seven days until VE-Day—it was rolled off by the roadside during the nine-days advance from Flers to Brussels—this daily four-pager, about 9 ins. by 12, is the welding link of the Division, and now has a Kemsley for editor—Captain Berry. It has several scoops to its credit, including a "weather beat" of two days over the home papers on the Labour triumph, the discoveries of female Models, Leys, and Dreesens, and the first authentic account of Eva's life with Hitler. Incidentally, its century issue at Godesberg gives a page of outstanding headlines, one of which reads "Life Guards Leave Division, 'Frat' Ban Relaxed."

Interesting that Maria Dreesen thinks Hitler alive, that Mrs. and Miss Model connect spiritualistically with the missing Marshal and with old members of the German aristocracy, and that Miss Ley was a stooge for father in a factory. It is not now done to visit Mrs. Dreesen's stairs, down which Hitler proposed kicking Chamberlain, as said stairs conduct to R.A.F. billets; but I looked on the lake where my first fratting took place long ago, and, from the old Roman Schloss tower, across to the Oelberg, on which we once planted the Tricolor on a July 14 and were very nearly sent home to fond families for so doing. But about these scoops . . . the best was held out of the paper, and it nearly broke Crime Reporter Corporal Flatley's heart. Kipling would have rejoiced in this Life Guardsman, his very figure and face, his revolver on the hip, and his unearthing of glorious crimes which may not be published lest they reflect on Displaced Poles and Russians. The most heartbreaking disappointment was when Flatley discovered seven murdered monks across the Rhine from Bonn, and all their valuables gone, and not one word allowed to appear.

Everything is laid on in the Guards Area that ingenuity and imagination can devise while remaining within Guards' limits. "Laid on" being *the* term in Germany, meaning "provided for," "arranged." Just now refreshment has to be laid on against incessant farewell parties, and the best place is the French Zone.

The Guards Division also have to guard—perhaps I 'd better say so, in case I pass their way again. Guard duties are ubiquitous, not least against young Nazi hooligans, who make pests of themselves by throwing stones, smashing and pilfering. These are spanked *sur place*. But the Guards will doubtless bear in mind that it was over at Honnef that the first young Nazi-minded resisters to the last Occupation appeared in 1921, and that they started by killing peasants in order to get going themselves.

ILLEGAL ARMS TAKEN FROM DISPLACED PERSONS in the British Controlled Zone of Germany: An unusual assortment of weapons, ranging from swords and muzzle-loading pistols to modern automatic rifles, which has come into the hands of the military police in the course of their duties. The sergeant on the left is holding a sword which he found strapped to the body of a displaced person, while the sergeant on the right is displaying a tommy-gun

THE HIGHEST FRENCH AWARD for a Canadian General: Lieut.-General J. C. Simonds, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., receiving the congratulatory kiss from Major-General Vernejoul, who decorated him with the ribbon of the Commander of the Legion of Honour at a ceremony, postponed since last June, which took place at the B.A.O.R. Headquarters at Bad Oeynhausen, where British generals received the highest honour that France can bestow. Lieut.-General Simonds is commander of the Canadian Forces in the Netherlands

With the B.A.O.R. in GERMANY

—A Collection of Recent Pictures from Berlin and Herford

BUYING CHRISTMAS GIFTS IN THE N.A.A.F.I. GIFT-SHOP, recently opened in Berlin: Captain V. Handscombe, of London, makes a selection of table-napkin rings for friends at home

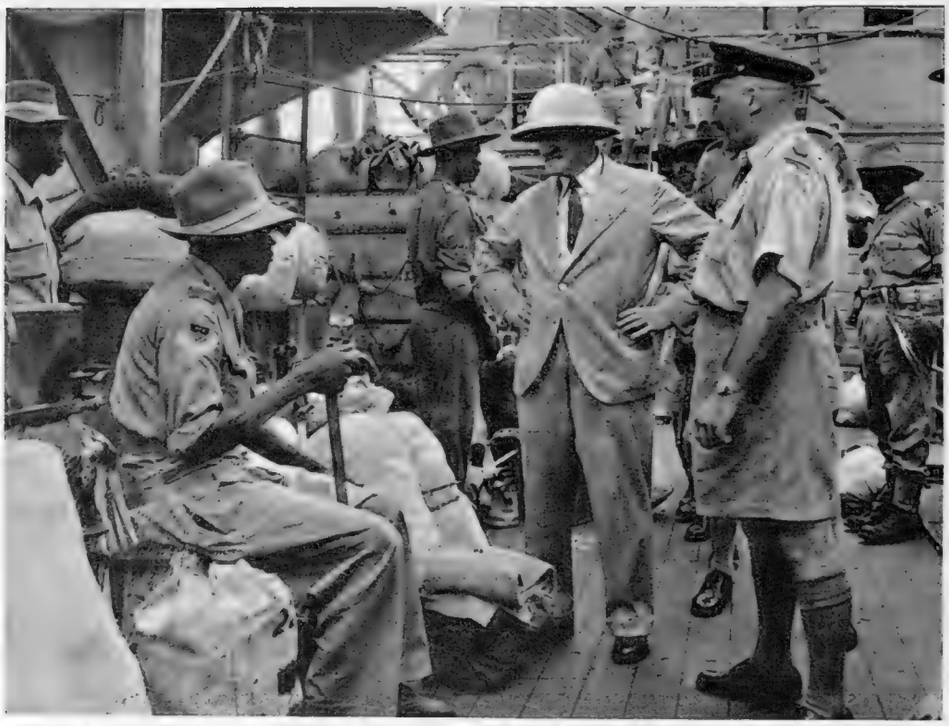
A GROUP OF OFFICERS SELECTING THEIR GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS IN BERLIN: British soldiers in Berlin can buy their Christmas gifts at a special N.A.A.F.I. gift-shop in the Kurfurstendamm. This is the procedure: troops take note of the fancied articles displayed there, writing down the code number and price. They make a list of their wishes and hand it to their Units. The latter then get an allocation of each article displayed, according to its strength. These are then distributed to the intending purchasers

BRITISH TROOPS GO BACK TO SCHOOL IN BERLIN: The Information Room at the Educational Centre of the 131st Brigade, where details of the careers awaiting men on demobilisation may be found

READING THEIR NOTES AT THE EDUCATIONAL CENTRE: Lance-Corporal Veal, of London, and Private W. Harris, of Wigan. In a building almost in the heart of Berlin, the 131st Lorried Infantry Brigade, part of the famous Desert Rats, have established their Educational Centre, where troops can continue and develop their education. Classes are held in languages (English and German), history, arts, economics, etc., and there are lectures five days a week. There is a noticeable eagerness amongst the troops for learning. Though attendance is voluntary, the classrooms are always well filled

MEAT FOR THE GERMANS: Two men of the 7/9th Battalion of the Royal Scots, with their guide, taking aim at a deer in the Detmold area. The 52nd Lowland Mountain Division are taking part in the German drive to kill game for the winter larder. Two soldiers accompany each of the 120 gamekeepers in the Detmold area of Germany, near Herford. The men stalk and shoot deer and boars, which are then put into cold storage. Approximately 300 animals have been shot in this way in ten days

A TRADE SCHOOL ESTABLISHED BY THE 30TH CORPS: Corporal Norman (the instructor) at work on a plaster mural of his own designing. An Army School at Nienburg gives qualified tradesmen a chance to brush up their trade before returning to civil life. The Camp consists of three wings, comprising one R.E.M.E. wing and two R.E. wings. It can take on 700 students. The R.E.M.E. wing teach radio mechanics, fitters and welders. The R.E. wings teach plastering, bricklaying, painting, woodwork, electricians, plumbing, blacksmiths and signwriting



NIGERIAN SOLDIERS ARE WELCOMED HOME TO WEST AFRICA: Invalided warriors from both South-East Asia Command and the Middle East. They were not on parade with the repatriates, but were not forgotten by Sir Gerald Whiteley, who had a friendly word for all. When the troop-ship *Thysville* steamed into Lagos Harbour recently, she carried over 300 Nigerian soldiers who were returning from India and Burma to spend a well-earned leave in their own country. All of them had seen service with the 81st Division in the Kaladan Campaign. They were welcomed by Sir Gerald Charles Whiteley, the officer administering the Government

THE SECOND WEST AFRICAN OFFICER TO BE COMMISSIONED IN THE ROYAL WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE—2nd Lieut. T. J. Impraim, of the Gold Coast Regiment, photographed on arrival from England

This twenty-nine-year-old officer, formerly of the Gold Coast Regiment, has just returned to Africa from England, where he attended the Officer Cadet Training Unit. Interviewed on his return home, 2nd Lieut. Impraim said: "I was the only Colonial cadet at the Training Unit, and all there did their utmost to make me feel at home." Before joining the Army in October 1942, he was confidential clerk to the Chief Commissioner of Ashanti. 2nd Lieut. Impraim, after visiting London during leave, said that he preferred provincial cities like Bradford and Leicester. He thought London much too large. It is his ambition to return to England on demobilisation, to study for a post as Assistant District Commissioner

FOREIGN NEWS TOLD IN PICTURES

Photographs from Many Quarters of the Globe

THE RETURN OF THE FIRST ITALIAN PRISONERS FROM RUSSIA—IN RAGS: On Mussolini's orders, these men marched east to share Hitler's triumphs and to gain the spoils of war in Russia. They sacked Odessa and innumerable other towns and villages, killed, burned and looted. And they also shared the fate of Hitler's armies. Now, after long captivity, the first group of Italian prisoners has been permitted to return. And here they are in their rags, surrounded by a crowd of Italian civilians—who might have already forgotten that Italy has been defeated!

THE PRINCESS OF PIEDMONT VISITS THE RETURNED ITALIAN PRISONERS: Princess Marie Jose, wife of Prince Umberto of Italy, seen chatting to some of the men recently released by the Russians

THE NEO-FASCIST THREAT GROWS IN ITALY: Italy was the first country in Europe to overthrow Fascism. Now Italy is the first country where a Neo-Fascist Movement is again beginning to menace democracy. The new Party uses both legal and underground channels of propaganda. Mario Silvestri, on the left, has been arrested as chief of an organisation which is thought to be linked with Germans still remaining in Italy

MUNICIPAL RESTAURANTS TO PROVIDE FOR THE IMPOVERISHED MIDDLE CLASSES OF ROME: In an attempt to fight the Black Market activities, the Eternal City's Municipal Assistance Board has started to operate a new type of restaurant where a complete meal is available at lire 70.00 (3s. 6d.), which is about one-fifth of what a meal costs in Rome's cheapest Black Market restaurants

GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR IN BELGIUM: The "chasseur," or errand boy, at the Zolder Mines in Limbourg. Behind him is a cord which must not be crossed under pain of death

GERMAN PRISONERS, UNDER GUARD, LEAVING THE PIT-HEAD AFTER WORKING THEIR SHIFT UNDERGROUND IN THE ZOLDER MINES, IN LIMBOURG: Approximately 41,000 German prisoners of war allocated by the Allies to Belgium are now employed in the Belgian mines in order to augment the falling production of coal. Most of these prisoners have never worked in a mine, and their apprenticeship will last for a certain time. Nevertheless, at the Zolder Mines, in Limbourg, the daily production of the German miner actually reached 660 kilos compared to the 820 kilos of the Belgian miner. These prisoners of war, well fed, have been billeted in special barracks surrounded by a double barbed-wire fence and situated near the mines. The miners receive a part of their salary, which they can spend in a canteen which dispenses beer, lemonade, writing paper, razor blades, etc. The prisoners are under the orders of Belgian officers, who employ as an intermediary a German trustee. All the Germans declare themselves satisfied with the conditions under which they work in the pits—for eight hours a day

TRAVELLING DE LUXE IN OLD CHINA—a scene from Chungking: Taking a rest from their official war duties for a sightseeing tour of Old China, Mr. Palmer Hoyt III (son of the publisher of the *Portland Oregonian*), now a war correspondent, and Miss Barbara Stephens, who is attached to the U.S. Information Service Bureau at Chungking, enjoy the native mode of travel over a rocky mountain path on their way to the famous Nan Ping Pagoda, situated near the Chinese capital

EXECUTIVES OF THE BRITISH T.U.C. MEET TRADE UNIONISTS IN THE RUHR: Mr. Will Lawther (of the National Union of Mineworkers), Mr. Jack Tanner (Amalgamated Engineering Union) and Mr. H. Bullock (National Union of General and Municipal Workers) have visited the Ruhr and Rhineland districts and met executives of the old German Trade Unions, who have been in hiding, or in German concentration camps, for years. The meeting took place at Dusseldorf. During the meeting, Derek, one of the German Trade Union leaders, Oberburgomaster of Bonn (standing), is asking Mr. Lawther how far the British are prepared to back the revival of Trade Unionism in Germany

FUEL FOR THE COMING SEVERE WINTER IN STOCKHOLM: In keeping with the whole of Europe, Sweden will have little winter fuel this year. To supplement the shortage of coal and oil, boat-loads of wood, gathered in the nearby forests, are shipped to the various towns, and stacked in preparation for the winter months. Here is a view from the Grand Hotel, in Stockholm. In the street outside is the stack of wood which the hotel has bought and which will be used for heating and cooking during the winter months. A barge drawn up alongside the quay is discharging another load of wood, cut from a nearby forest

STOCKHOLM'S "ST. LUCIA" CANDIDATES—The ten girls from whom "the Queen of Light" will be chosen by the populace: The Festival of "St. Lucia," virgin and martyr of Syracuse, is celebrated in Sweden on December 13. According to the legend, St. Lucia lived in the reign of Diocletian. She was threatened with outrage, but it was found that no force which could be applied was able to move her from the spot on which she stood; until at last she was slain with the sword. Here are the ten girls from Stockholm, from whom the populace will choose their "Queen of Light"

In the BALKANS and in PERSIA

Special "Sphere" Drawings of Recent Events in These Troubled Lands

The three Powers—Britain, United States and the U.S.S.R.—have just recognised the provisional Government of Albania, on the condition that free elections are held. This Government was formed directly the Germans left Albania a year ago. It is headed by Colonel-General Envu Hodja, who commanded the Partisan troops who had kept up a guerilla warfare against the Germans.

They are all Communists, and have modelled their Government on the Yugoslavian Tito model. The older non-Communist party, who had opposed the Italian Occupation, had been deceived by the promise of the Germans to grant independence and had, therefore, co-operated with them.

When British armed assistance became available to the Balkans in 1943, it all went to support the Communist Partisans, who are now in control. They are a very untried Government at present, but are eagerly carrying out great schemes for social reform, and, of course, have taken the easy step of confiscating all large estates and breaking them up into small farms for peasants.

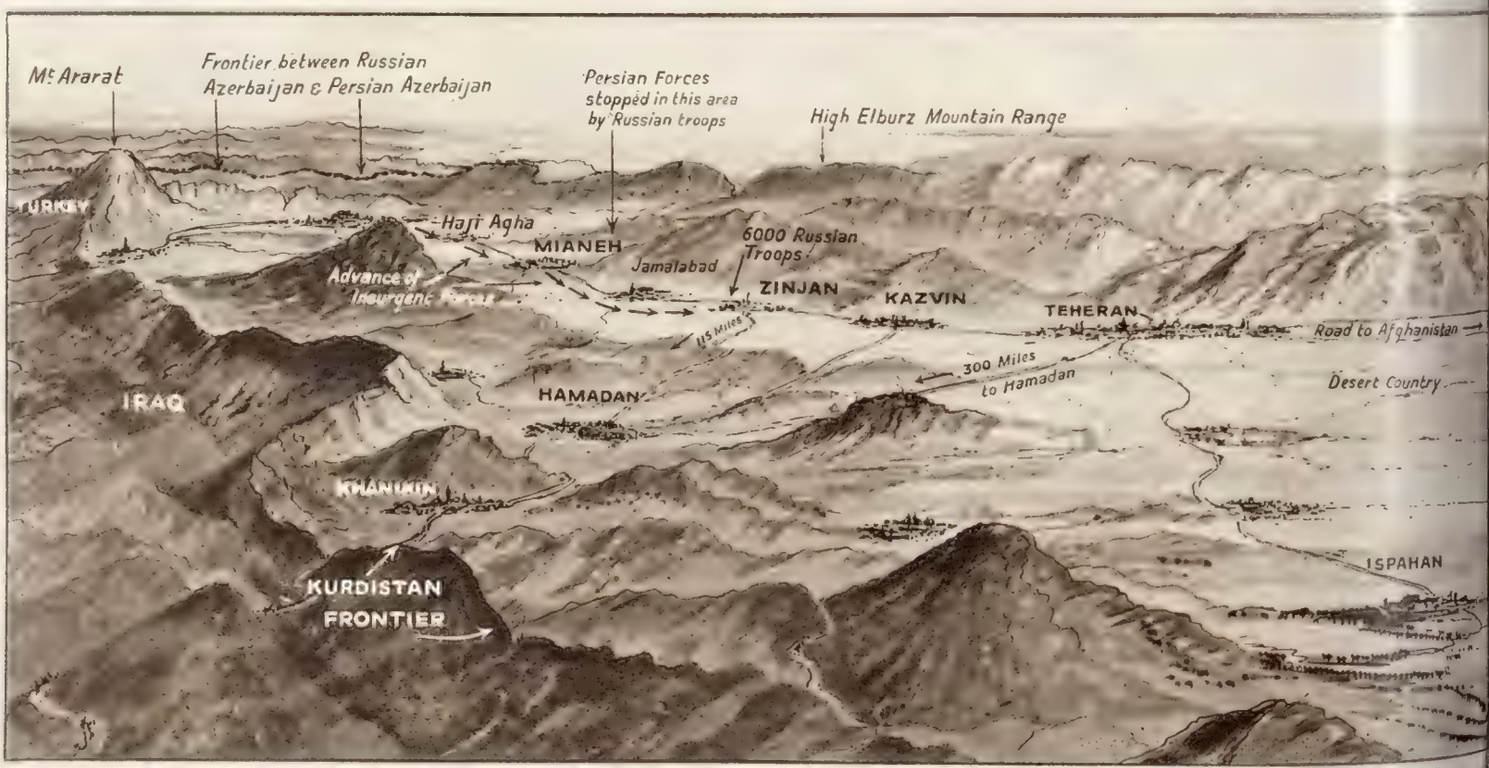
The recognition of Albania has caused considerable distress in Greece from the fear that the Greek claim for the whole of Epirus, of which they possess the southern half, may be disregarded. "We want Epirus!" is now being shouted at demonstrations in Greece. The question of the Greek-Albanian frontier, it is officially announced in London, will be settled later on, when the recognition of the Albanian Government will in no way prejudice the matter.

Epirus was part of Ancient Greece, being considered by Aristotle as the original home of the Hellenes. It is a wholly mountainous country, growing little corn, stretching along the Ionian Sea, from the Accroceraunian promontory on the north to the Ambracian Gulf on the south. Illyria, Macedonia and Thessaly form the eastern land frontier of Epirus.

THE GREEKS WANT EPIRUS: AFTER THE RECOGNITION OF THE ALBANIAN GOVERNMENT, 50,000 GREEKS DEMONSTRATED IN ATHENS, DEMANDING THE WHOLE OF THE PROVINCE. At present it is split in two—one half being handed over to the Albanians, the other remaining in Greece—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

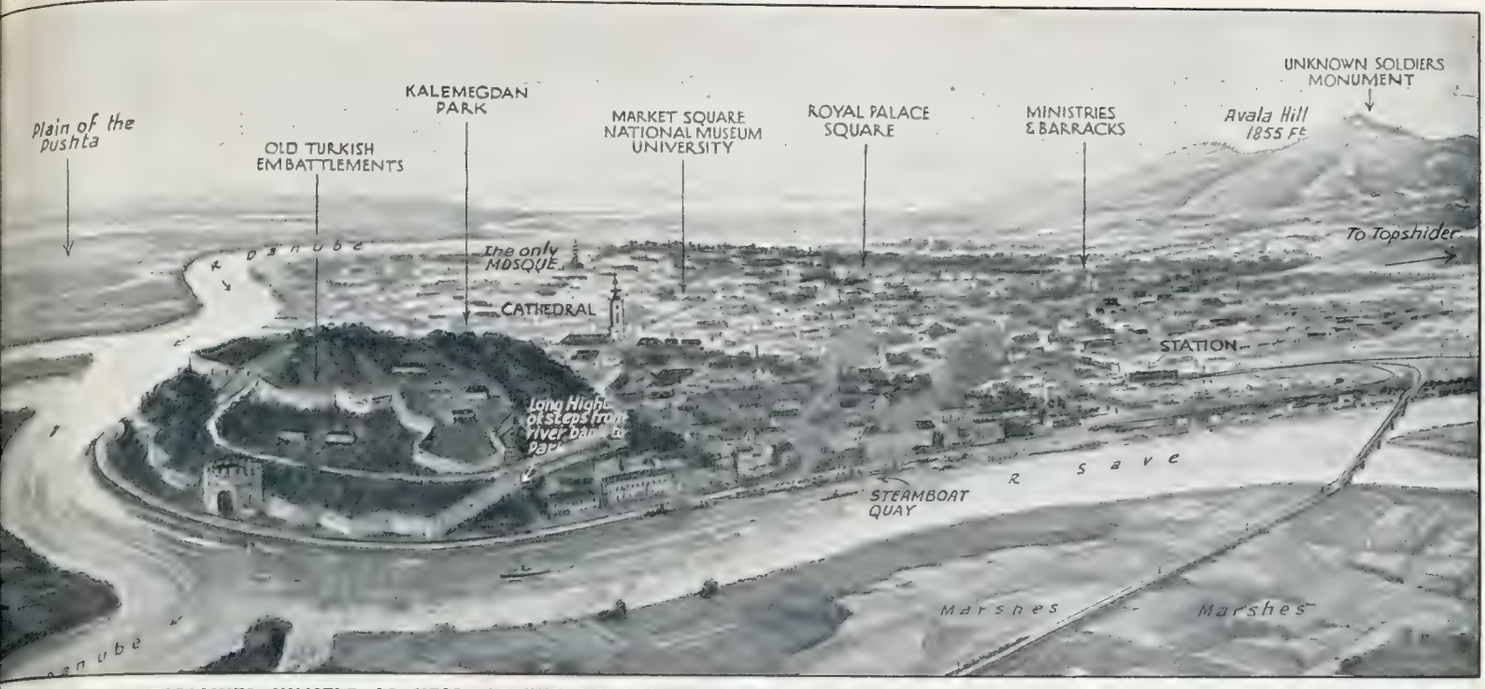
THE ITALIANS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST YUGOSLAV CLAIMS IN THE TRIESTE AREA: A mass demonstration in Milan against frontier changes which would give Zara and Venezia Giulia to Yugoslavia

INDIAN TROOPS HELP TO OCCUPY GREECE: During a recent tour the troops of the 4th Indian Division, Lieut.-General Scobie G.O.C.-in-Chief in Greece, received a warm welcome from the population. He travelled from Piraeus to Salonika and Volos a British destroyer; and is here seen inspecting a guard of honour of the 3rd Baluchis

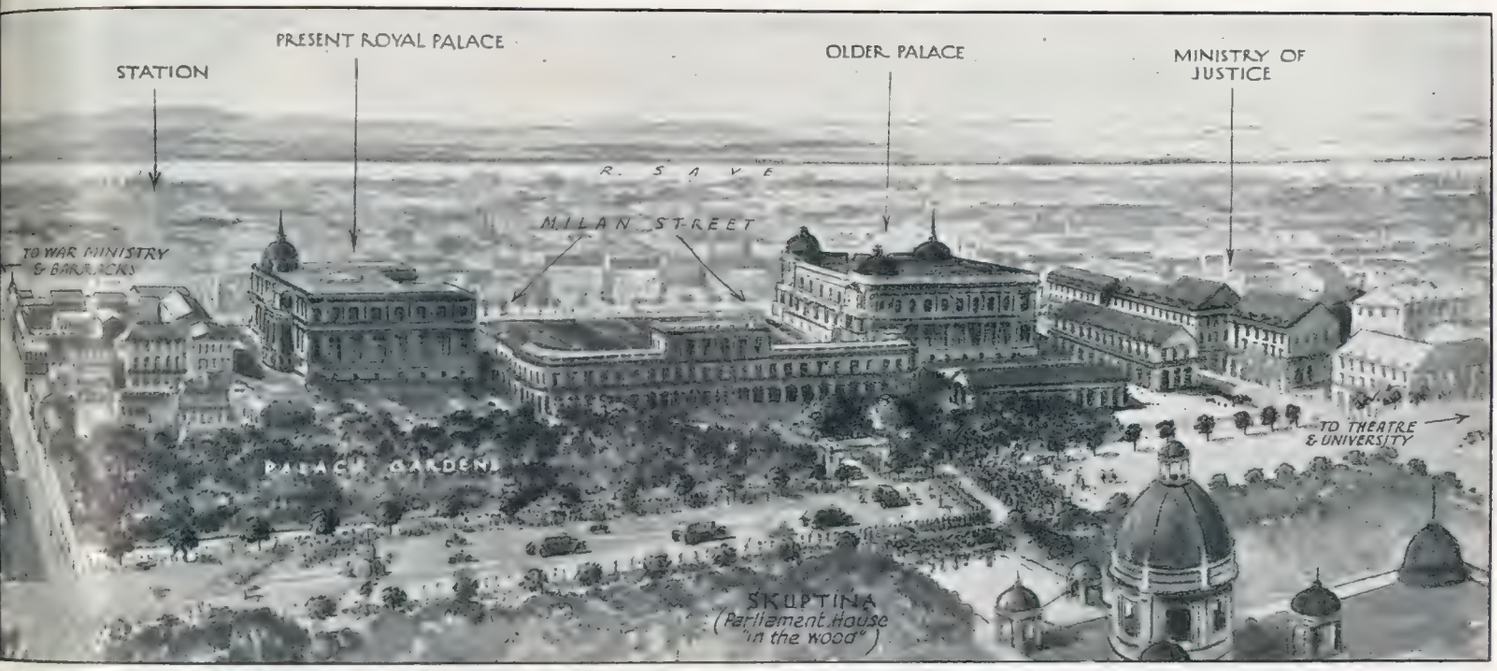


WHERE THE RUSSIANS AND PERSIANS CAME INTO CONFLICT IN AZERBAIJAN: THE RUSSIANS HERE STOPPED THE MOVEMENT OF A PERSIAN FORCE sent out to put down a rising by an insurgent Communist faction near Mianeh—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The recent Russo-Persian "incident" took place on the main traffic route between Caucasian Russia and the Persian capital. The highway runs from Grivan, in Russian Azerbaijan, into Persian Azerbaijan, and passes to Teheran, the capital. When it was learnt that insurgent forces from Persian Azerbaijan were advancing down this road, the Persian authorities endeavoured to send a force to meet them. The Persians reached the area of Mianeh and Sharifabad when they were stopped by the Russian occupation forces and told to return to the capital. The Persian officer halted, but remained at Sharifabad awaiting orders. Some 6,000 Russian troops took up a position which commanded the rearward movement of the Persian force. Fighting took place in Mianeh between armed crowds which occupied the town, and seven Persian officials were reported to have been killed



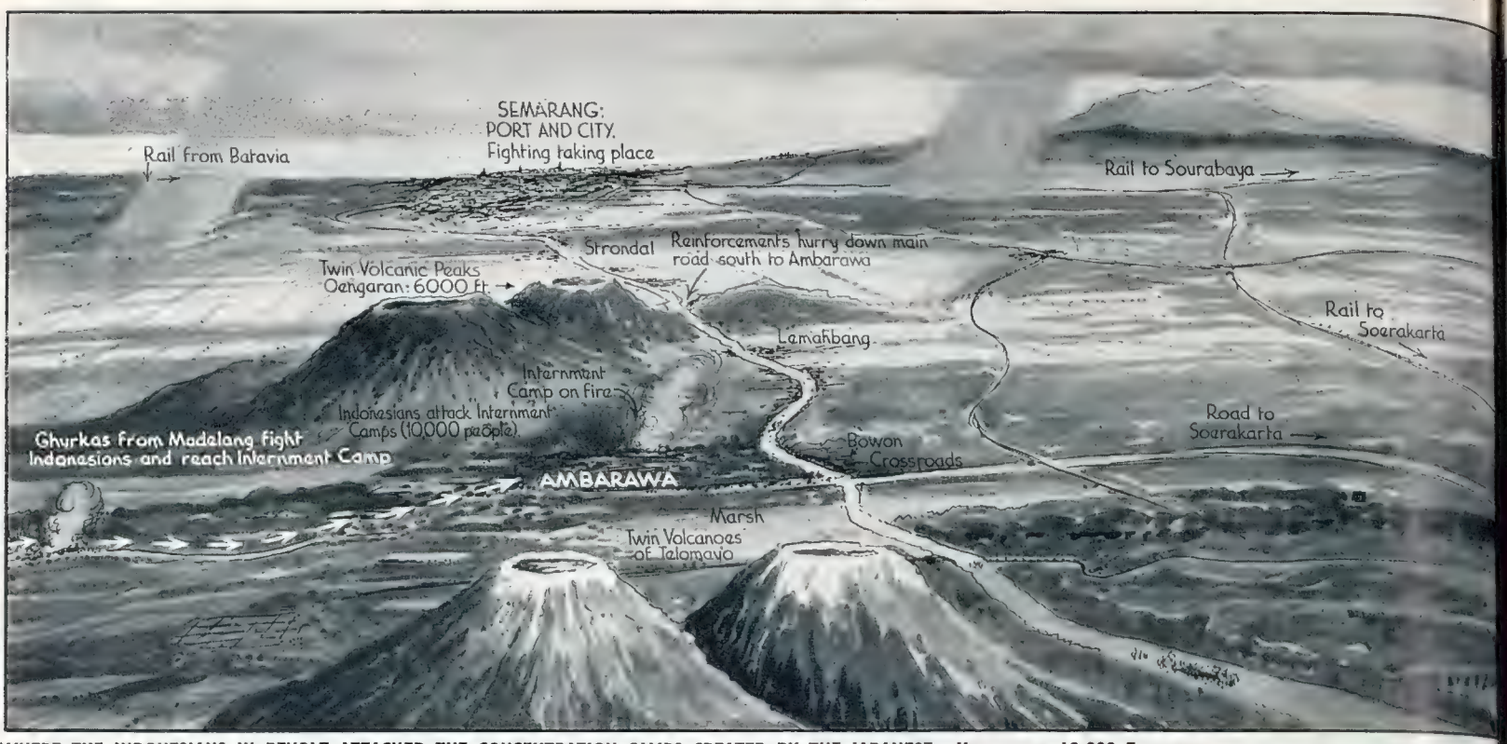
MARSHAL TITO ESTABLISHES HIMSELF AS HEAD OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF YUGOSLAVIA AND TAKES UP RESIDENCE (WITH HIS FAMILY) IN THE ROYAL PALACE IN BELGRADE: This view shows the capital of the country on the banks of the River Save as seen from the west. On the left is the old Turkish fortress, reminder of the days when this whole part of Europe was under Turkish rule—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



IN THE HEART OF BELGRADE: THE PRESENT ROYAL PALACE, NOW OCCUPIED BY MARSHAL TITO, ALONGSIDE THE OLDER PALACE. The Skuptina, or "Parliament House in the Wood," is located on the other side of the Palace gardens where most of the big Yugoslav parades are held. Near by are some of the principal Government buildings—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

After the results of the recent election, 90 per cent. of the votes being in his favour, Marshal Tito is now fully established as the head of the National Liberation Government of Yugoslavia. He has taken up residence, with his family, in the new Palace, which is also the seat of Government, and is busily engaged in forming new laws and regulations for the Republic. Election Day was made a day of festival, the polling-booths decked with flowers and bunting, the crowds singing, and a general feeling of rejoicing. There was no real opposition, only one list of votes; those who were opposed had declined to take any part, maintaining that there was no freedom for it. Little had been heard of Marshal Tito before the middle of 1942; he had taken no part in the *coup d'état* which broke with the Axis in March 1941. "Long before the belated appearance of Marshal Tito," declared King Peter, "I raised the standard of resistance and brought my country into the war on March 27, 1941." But from the late summer of 1942, Marshal Tito appeared as the leader of an active force of partisans who were in opposition to the royalist forces under General Mihailovitch. From then onwards Tito was the dashing war leader of the Balkans, and as such was supplied with British arms. Now he is occupied in trying to restore the devastated country, with its broken bridges, destroyed villages, and its lack of food, fuel and clothing

On left—**THE ELECTIONS IN BULGARIA: On the road to Philippopolis to vote for the Communist Party**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker.* This view shows some of the amazing rock scenery to be encountered in this part of the Balkans. The peasants are trekking towards the big town of Philippopolis to vote—but there was only one party for which they *could* vote, and that (as common now in the Balkans) was the Communist. The opposition parties had all abstained from putting up candidates. Over 70 per cent. of the electorate went to the poll, and the result was—not surprisingly—overwhelmingly in favour of the Communists



WHERE THE INDONESIANS IN REVOLT ATTACKED THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS CREATED BY THE JAPANESE : Here some 10,000 European persons had been interned, many of them women and children. Despite the efforts of Gurkhas, a number of them were killed by the rebels in the region around Ambarawa—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The INDONESIAN REVOLT in JAVA

The Rebel Attacks on the Concentration Camps Where Europeans Were Held by the Japs

—*Special Sphere Pictures*

Almost due south of Semarang, the Javanese port and city midway between Batavia and Surabaya, there lies a district known as Ambarawa. It has been causing the British authorities at Batavia great anxiety, for at this spot there were some 10,000 interned persons, a large proportion of them women and children. They had been concentrated in nine camps during the Japanese regime; transport difficulties have delayed their removal since the Jap surrender. With the passage of time, the Indonesians in revolt began to terrorise these camps in night attacks. Knifings, looting and firing ha taken place. A battalion of Gurkhas had been rushed from Madelang, and fou an engagement with Indonesians who endeavoured to intercept them, and w suffered 150 casualties. When the Gurkhas reached Ambarawa, it was found th the nine camps were not easy to defend, for the Indonesians succeeded in makin murderous attack on one of them, which was stated to be isolated from the Bri garrison. A small party of the rebels burst into the place, and killed a number women and children before the Gurkhas could reach the scene. The position of th Ambarawa camps is indicated here between two groups of high volcanoes. The are is connected with Semarang by a main north and south road. Along this ro reinforcements were rapidly hurried. But Semarang itself has not been quiet, an there was difficulty in clearing the city of rioting and looting Indonese

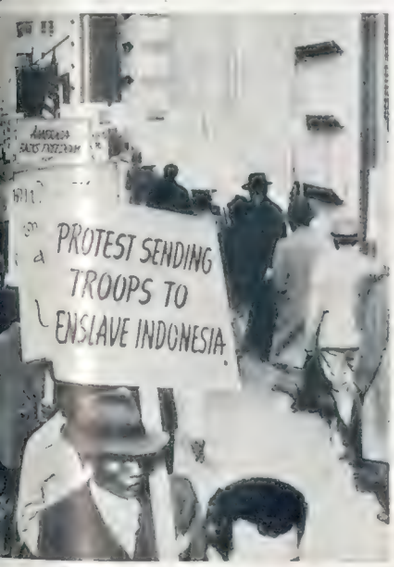
AUSTRALIAN WORKERS PROTEST against the despatch of Dutch troops from Woolloomooloo Bay, in Sydney : A last-minute attempt was made in Sydney to prevent the departure for Java of 1,500 Dutch troops who arrived there on the liner *Stirling Castle*. This move followed disclosures that the Dutch troops were to be transferred from the *Stirling Castle* to the British transport *Moreton Bay*. A section of the British crew opposed the sailing without a direction from London, in view of the attitude of the Seamen's Union in Australia. Here are the two ships in the dispute; the *Moreton Bay* and the *Stirling Castle* lying stern-to-stern at their berths at Woolloomooloo

***On right*—THE R.A.F. TAKE A HAND IN THE FIGHTING IN JAVA : Attacking a Bofors gun site located near a native bamboo bridge** — *Drawing by Roland Davies*

After being held in leash for some time, the R.A.F. were compelled to operate against certain targets as the Indonesian rising grew in intensity. The employment of Japanese guns and the latest types of ammunition necessitated counter action, and fighter bombers were despatched to the areas where these guns had been installed. The Indonesians had their first experience of accurately-directed fire from the air, and many of their gun sites were silenced. In the view given here, the R.A.F. planes are seen operating near a stream crossed by a bamboo bridge. Although Java is well supplied with roads and railways, these native structures are still to be seen in rural areas. This one is made entirely of bamboo bound together with rattan. No metal work of any kind is employed in its construction. The bridge track itself is pitched high, following a widespread Far Eastern fashion

ACUATING THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM JAVA TO SINGAPORE: Thousands of them are still in grave danger from the rebels in the concentration camps throughout the island. The cruiser "Sussex" is seen on the right: behind is a large transport embarking the evacuees. Native craft are seen in the foreground, off the port of Surabaya—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

ring the past month, efforts were made, with the assistance of the Royal Navy, to transfer erned European civilians from Java to less-troubled areas. This activity has taken place fly at Surabaya, as being the most dangerous area, in view of the rising temper of the donesians. It was realised at an early stage that the position of the internees was a serious e, long distances separating the various camps from the forces landed at Batavia and Sura-ya. The British effort at Semarang came later. A certain number of the interned were brought down to the ports, as circumstances permitted, and these have been transferred to Singapore and other ports where they could be received and sheltered. The British cruiser *Sussex* has been engaged in this task of removal; in the drawing above she is seen off Surabaya harbour with the transport *Bulolo*. The two vessels were taking off 5,000 people, mainly women and children. Subsequent ferocious attacks on the camps have demonstrated how necessary this task has been. In the foreground is seen a native Javanese sailing-canoe



USUAL, THE AMERICANS INTERVENE IN THE DISPUTE: A picket line—formed by an Indonesian Committee, the San Francisco Council of Industrial Organisation, and other groups—urging that the Indonesian dispute be given to the United Nations Organisation and that British and Dutch troops be recalled, paraded before the Dutch Consulate in San Francisco on November 22. The British Consulate was also picketed on the same day

A SCENE IN THE TJIDENG CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR WOMEN AT BATAVIA: This portion has been converted to serve as a hospital. Throughout the island of Java there are a number of concentration camps created by the Japs during their occupation. Owing to the uncertain state of affairs since the Indonesian revolt, it has been impossible to bring the internees out. Only a proportion of these camps are adequately guarded against attack by the rebels

bove—WOMEN WAITING FOR THEIR RATIONS IN THE TJIDENG CAMP; *On right*—EUROPEAN HOSPITAL PATIENTS RESTING IN AN OPEN-AIR WARD. Such camps as these were created by the Japanese: it has not yet been possible to repatriate all the inmates

FROM THE FAR EAST

Breaking Up the Japanese Army
The Americans Relax in Tokyo

THE DISPERSAL OF THE JAPANESE ARMIES IN THE NORTH OF MALAYA—"OPERATION EXODUS" BEGINS, by the evacuation of thousands of Japs to an isolated island near Singapore. Two hundred thousand Japanese soldiers and sailors are being shipped from Malaya, the Andamans, the Nicobars and Sumatra to Rempang Island, near Singapore. Known as "Operation Exodus," this evacuation will last for several months. Japanese coasters, under British naval guard, are taking about 1,000 prisoners a day to the island. They will remain until the Japanese Government can find enough ships to repatriate them. The Japs are building their own accommodation, carrying their own supplies, and will be completely self-supporting during their exile. In this picture the Jap prisoners are disembarking from a landing-craft on to one of the two landing piers they have themselves built

EN ROUTE TO TELL HIS HONOURABLE ANCESTORS ALL ABOUT IT. The Emperor Hirohito, in a tastefully-embroidered uniform, is arriving at the Tokyo Central Station to board a train for Although it is now some months since the Japs surrendered, he on his way to report the defeat of his country to his ancestors accordance with Japanese religious custom. Pictures of the Emp are rare in normal times: the presence of Allied photographers in capital has now altered that!

AN ENDLESS LINE OF JAP SOLDIERS ARRIVE AT THE DISPERSAL CENTRE FOR THEIR JOURNEY TO REMPANG ISLAND: Here their equipment is checked before they take passage to the lonely spot 30 miles from Singapore. Before leaving the dispersal camp they are allowed to take a few tools for building, two-months rations and a change of clothing. On this previously-uninhabited island, the Japs will live in isolation until such times that transport facilities can be made available for their return to Japan. Before reaching the dispersal centre the soldiers are disarmed at an up-country station in North Malaya

THE RETURN OF THE LITTLE WARRIOR: Weighed down by an outfit in packs, this Japanese soldier has just been returned to civilian life. His wife and son went out to meet him at a railway station eighty miles south of the capital

THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN TOKYO HAVE FOUND AN "OASIS" IN THE GINZA DISTRICT: This is the spot to which many of the soldiers repair when they have money to spend. The "Oasis of the Ginza" is a former air-raid shelter on what used to be Tokyo's Broadway: there soldiers and sailors can dance with native Geishas at the rate of five yen for ten dances; in between dances the girls are entertained by their partners in the pleasant manner shown above. There are stated to be five hundred Geishas in this vast and newly-opened night-club

THE WIFE OF THE FORMER PRIME MINISTER IS FOUND: Mrs. Hidek Tojo, wife of the former Premier, had been missing for several weeks. Now she has been found at Fukuoka, on Kyushi Island. She was located on November 19, and claimed that she fled "to escape the unbearable pain of Tokyo, where I was exposed to the public glare." This picture shows her during a radio broadcast, made when her husband was still Prime Minister of Japan

JAPANESE LIBERALS FORM A NEW PARTY IN TOKYO: Among the Japanese politicians who have launched activities to put their country on a democratic basis are the Liberals, who plan to organise a "Liberal Party." Many prominent Japanese have pledged themselves to the party and are meeting daily in Tokyo. Three of the leaders are seen here

A VIEW OF THE DANCE FLOOR IN THE "OASIS OF THE GINZA," showing U.S. Servicemen and their Japanese partners dancing to the latest popular jazz tunes. The Geishas are reported to be quite adept in all the newest steps from America—even including jitterbugging. The club is practically given over to the American Army; and the surrounding district of the Ginza is full of recreational institutions for men on leave in the capital

A SCENE IN TEL-AVIV, CHIEF STORM-CENTRE IN PALESTINE, WHERE ONE OUTBURST FOLLOWED ANOTHER AS THE JEWISH PARTY DEMONSTRATED AGAINST THE POLICE AND TROOPS: The construction of the modern buildings in this big centre provides balconies from which the rioters can throw missiles at the troops below—in one case, sticks of gelignite. It is here that the 6th Airborne Division has been in action—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

SCENES in PALESTINE

Where Rioters Have Been Demonstrating Against British Rule in the Holy Land

THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER ARRIVES IN PALESTINE: The scene at Lydda Airport as Lieut.-General Sir Alan Cunningham alighted for the swearing-in ceremony in Jerusalem on November 21. On right is Mr. J. V. W. Shaw, Chief Secretary and Acting High Commissioner; in rear is Captain R. E. Corbett, Senior Naval Officer in the Levant; on the right is Major-General J. C. D'Arcy

TWO OF THE BRITISH MILITARY LEADERS IN PALESTINE—a new and recent picture taken in Jerusalem: On the left is the Commander of the British Forces in Palestine and Transjordan—Major-General J. C. D'Arcy; on the right is Brigadier E. Brickman, of the General Staff

The situation in Palestine has not remained stable for more than a few days at a time. A period of outward calm has been broken by sporadic shootings or riotous outbursts. Tel-Aviv has been the storm-centre, for there feeling runs high, and emotions have been stimulated by the surreptitious arrivals of refugees from Central and Eastern European ports. Tel-Aviv, with its modern office and flat buildings, lends itself particularly to the stone- and grenade-thrower. It has balcony upon balcony from which to hurl various missiles. On one occasion these actually took the form of sticks of gelignite; but, by some trick of good fortune, little damage was done and there were no casualties. Unfortunately, this has not always been the case, and Red Cross men have been busy in the streets. In this bomb-and-mortar era, the R.A.M.C. run great risks, and do not go scatheless. The 6th Airborne Division have been carrying out the difficult task of grappling with these Tel-Aviv risings with a commendable blend of tact and skill. They must be prepared to suffer a surprise attack at any moment

WHEN JEW MEETS ARAB—it does not always end in a free fight! From some of the reports one hears from Palestine, it would be reasonable to suppose that whenever a Jew and an Arab meet, bloodshed follows. This picture refutes such a supposition. It was made when some thirty Arab chieftains and Sheiks from tribes all over Palestine attended the seventieth birthday party of Abraham Shapira, Jewish Patriarch who founded the village of Petach-Tikvah, near Tel-Aviv, and who was one of the first members of the "Watchmen's Organisation," established to defend Jewish villages against marauding Arabs. The Arabs brought their own meat ("on the hoof") to the party, and took part in the Jewish sports that marked the feast. Two of the Sheiks, in traditional regalia, are here shown with their Jewish hosts

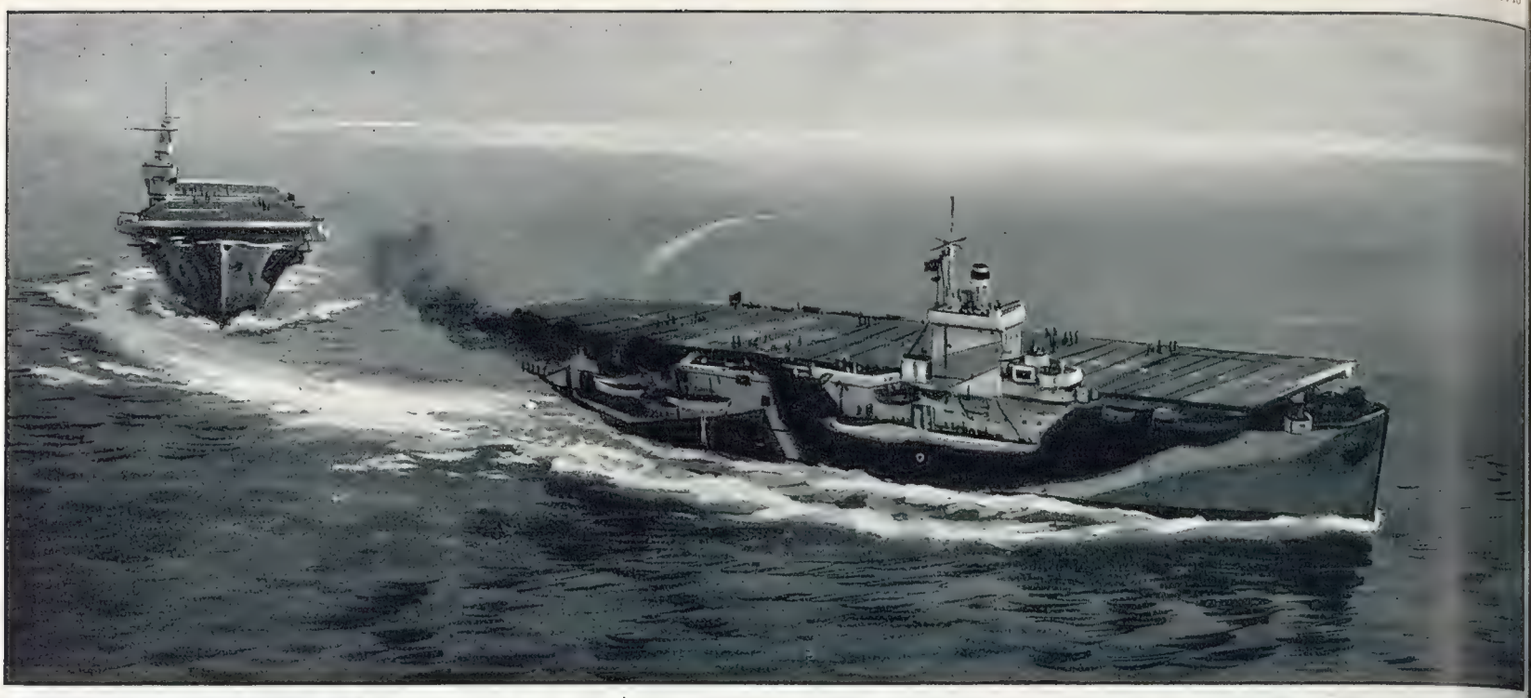
ANTI-ZIONIST RIOTS IN CAIRO—the damage sustained to the interior of the Synagogue in the Rue Farouk: During the pro-Arab demonstrations by the Egyptians on November 2, in sympathy with the Arabs of the Holy Land, this Jewish place of worship was badly damaged, and the receptacle for the Scrolls of the Law burst open and desecrated

THE DISTURBANCES IN TEL-AVIV—a party of youths rounded up by the police are brought into the police station by Airborne troops: This picture was taken on November 15, when troops of the 6th Airborne Division were rushed into the city to deal with the rioting which had started the previous day. A curfew had been imposed on the 14th. Teen-age youths were among the worst rioters; the Tel-Aviv municipality, condemning the disturbances, described them as irresponsible hooligans

ARMISTICE DAY IN JERUSALEM: Major-General D'Arcy, Air Commodore McGregor, and the Inspector-General (Captain J. Rymer-Jones) carry wreaths up to the Stone of Remembrance at the war cemetery on Mount Scopus

THE CHIEF RABBI OF ALL THE SEPHARDIC JEWS OF PALESTINE arrives at the war cemetery for the Armistice Day ceremony in Jerusalem

SOME OF THE DIGNITARIES, OF ALL FAITHS, WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE ARMISTICE DAY CEREMONY: From left to right in this picture are—the Apostolic Delegate; the Roman Catholic Patriarch; the Jewish Chief Rabbi; the Greek Orthodox Patriarch; the Iraqi Minister; a High Muslim dignitary; a Scottish Clergyman; the Coptic Bishop; and the Armenian Patriarch: On Armistice Day, November 11, tribute was paid to those who fell in the last two wars at the war cemetery on Mount Scopus, in Jerusalem. Shortly before eleven o'clock, contingents of the Services arrived at the cemetery gates. Conspicuous among them was the naval party from the ships berthed at Haifa



AIRCRAFT AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT

New Pictures of Developments in Flying

THE AMERICAN-BUILT ESCORT CARRIERS, LEASED TO THE ROYAL NAVY DURING THE WAR, RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES: The first two, out of thirty-three, begin their journey. They are the "Searcher" and the "Tracker"—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

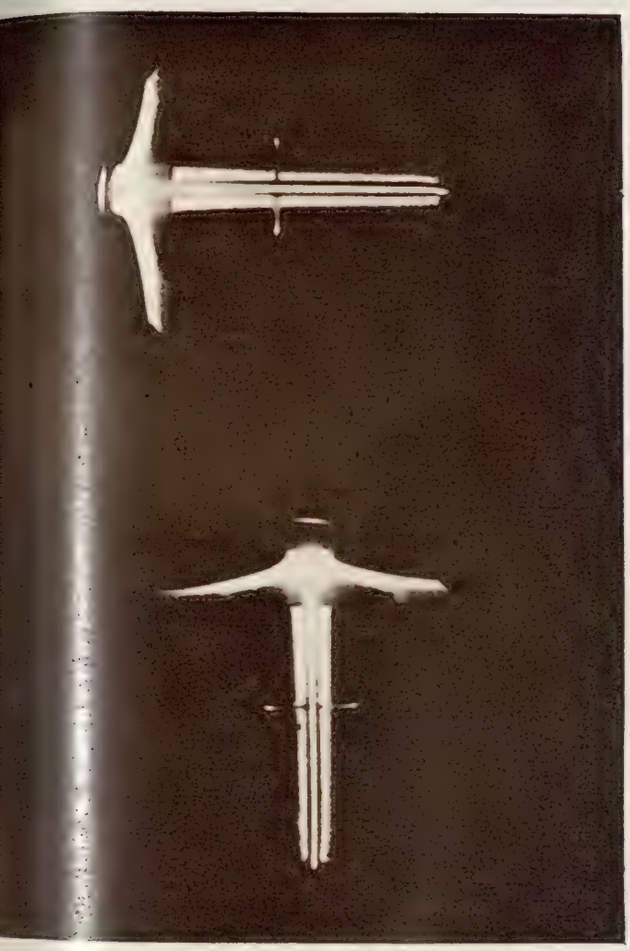
During the war, the United States leased to the Royal Navy thirty-three escort carriers. These are now to be returned; each is carrying back across the Atlantic about sixty American officers and ten other ranks for demobilisation. Beginning in mid-November with the *Searcher* and *Tracker*, the plan was to send back five ships a month. Each leaves from Southampton for Hampton Roads, and takes nine days on the voyage. Whilst with the Royal Navy the ships were known as the Archer class: each has a displacement of 14,500 tons, and each is an ex-mercantile hull. The ships were all built in American yards, are equipped with Diesel engines, and are mainly built of steel—except for the 450-ft.-long flight-deck, which is planked

***On right*—A NEW AMERICAN JET-PROPELLED BOMB:** This weapon is being built by the Northrop Company at Los Angeles for the American Army. It can carry two tons of explosive in its wings. The jet engine is patterned after that of the German flying bomb, but it is located in the centre of the plane, instead of in a "chimney" on top of the fuselage as in the Nazi V 1. The lower view shows a twin-jet bomb, the first built by Northrop and tested by the Army before the Company switched to the upper type

HUGE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT IN "DRY-DOCK" FOR REPAIRS: A scene at West Palm Beach, in Florida, where the American Army transports come in for complete overhaul at the end of 600 hours of flying

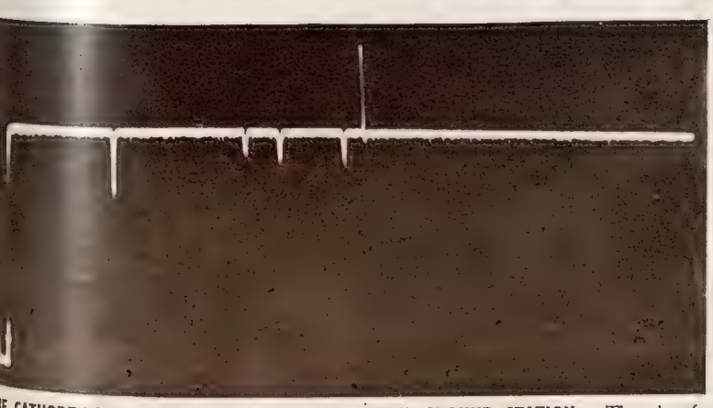
This view shows the "Overhaul Docks" erected at Morrison Field, near West Palm Beach, where all the D.C.-4 transports of the U.S. Army Air Forces receive their 600-hour overhauls, flying in from all points of operation around the world. Every part of each plane is accessible from the decks of the "docks." Each deck has its own power supply, its lights for night work, and tools and equipment. When they fly in to this field, the planes bring back war veterans destined for demobilisation. When the overhaul is complete and the planes leave for new assignments, they carry essential equipment out to points where it is needed. Twenty-six of the huge planes can be handled in the "docks" at one time

FROM GUAM, IN MID-PACIFIC, TO WASHINGTON IN ONE HOP: A record-breaking Super-Fortress at the end of its colossal flight. This aircraft broke the world's non-stop distance record on November 20 when it reached Washington, having flown 8,198 miles, thus exceeding the previous record of 7,158 miles made in 1938 by British pilots who flew from Egypt to Australia. General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of the U.S. Army Air Forces, is shown (nearest camera) waiting to welcome the crew on arrival. The big plane is rolling to a stop in the background on the completion of its long hop. It was piloted by Lieut.-Colonel Clarence S. Irvine. The time taken was 35 hours and 5 minutes. General Arnold pinned Distinguished Flying Crosses on the participants in the historic flight

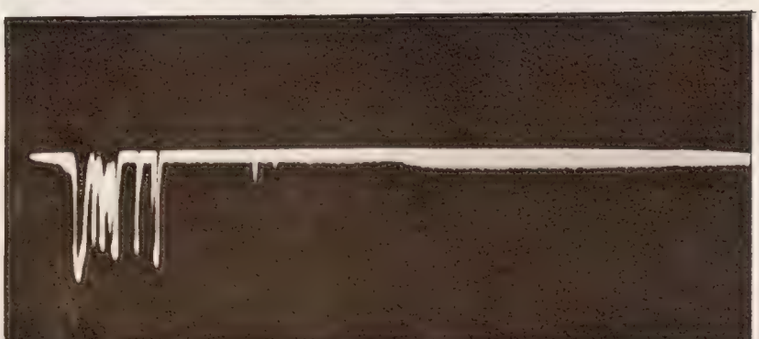


OW RADAR WAS USED BY NIGHT FIGHTERS DURING THE WAR TO LOCATE ENEMY RAIDERS—the two cathode-ray tube displays: The one below shows the elevation, and the one above the bearing. This is how the display appears when the target is dead ahead. The controller at the ground Radar station could guide the night fighter, with instructions over the radio-telephone, until he was within a few miles of his prey; but only by using information from his Radar set could the night-fighter pilot get within firing range of the enemy. This picture shows what the Radar set operator saw on the cathode-ray tube when he was near his prey.

THE TINSEL "ICICLES" WHICH DEFEATED THE NAZI RADAR SYSTEM: Millions of these strips were dropped by Allied planes and thoroughly confused the enemy A.-A. Radars. Marvellous as Radar is in detecting enemy movements in the air, on the ground and on the sea, it can be fooled. Our experts proved it. A simple thing like the tinsel "icicle" did the trick, saved thousands of lives and hundreds of our aircraft. Millions of window-strips, or ribbons of metallic foil, were dropped from our aircraft and scattered over a wide area. This was known as "chaff," and on the enemy's Radarscope it gave the impression of a great many aircraft in flight, coming in from different directions by reflecting the Radar signals. Each bundle of chaff weighed about two ounces. Sometimes the metallic ribbon was dropped in rolls of about 400 ft. with tiny parachutes attached. It was known in this form as "rope," and used where there was a variation of frequencies. It upset Radar-controlled searchlights and anti-aircraft batteries. This "jamming" of enemy Radar was carried out by specially-equipped planes which gave out radio signals to drown the Radar echoes after locating Radar stations and their frequencies



E CATHODE-RAY DISPLAY OF A "CHAIN HOME" GROUND STATION: The aircraft appear as V-shaped echoes below the horizontal trace. Distance from the large ground ray, or transmitter pulse (on the left), gives range measurement. The vertical line above the trace is the electrical range marker, which can be moved along to any particular echo being examined, so that its range can be read off on a scale



THE RANGE TUBE OF A "CHAIN HOME LOW" GROUND RADAR STATION: This works on a 1½-metre wavelength and gives coverage for lower-flying aircraft than does the C.H. equipment. The C.H.L. transmitter sends out a narrow Radar beam which sweeps the surrounding sky like a searchlight. When the beam illuminates any aircraft or other reflecting object, a response appears on the cathode-ray tube at the appropriate range, which is measured from the left-hand transmitter pulse. The two echoes seen here at about one-third of the way along the trace are from single aircraft at 50 and 55 miles

SHALL WE HAVE MORE WOMEN DIPLOMATS?—A COMMITTEE CONSIDERS THE QUESTION: The Countess of Limerick and Sir Ernest Gowers are seated behind the table; in front are Sir Thomas Dunlop and Miss Ethel Strudwick. Every Friday afternoon seven people—four women and three men—converge on the Foreign Office in Whitehall. They are members of the Committee appointed by Mr. Ernest Bevin, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to re-examine the question of admission of women to the senior branch of His Majesty's Foreign Service. The chairman is Sir Ernest Gowers, formerly Regional Commissioner for London, and chairman of the Coal Commission since 1938. Members are Lady Limerick; Miss Dorothy W. Elliott, Chief Woman Officer of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers; Miss Ethel Strudwick, High Mistress of St. Paul's Girls' School; Mrs. Arthur Yencken, widow of the former British Minister in Madrid; Sir Thomas Dunlop, a former General Inspector of Foreign Office Consular Establishments; and Sir Guy Locock, Director of the F.B.I.

MISS MARY CRAIG McGEACHY, former British Minister in Washington—the first woman to receive full diplomatic status

WHAT'S GOING ON in ENGLAND

MISS DOROTHY ELLIOTT, National Woman Officer of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers (on left), with MRS. ARTHUR YENCKEN, widow of the former British Minister in Madrid, at one of the Committee's meetings

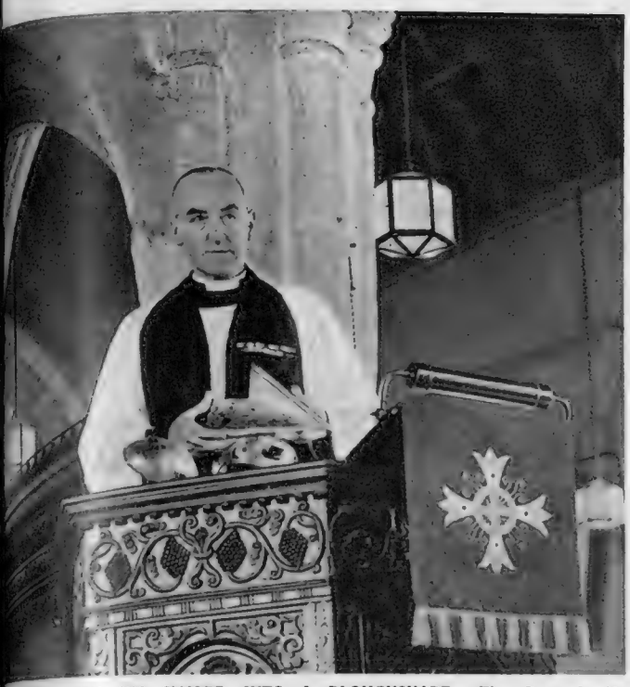
A YANK AT OXFORD: Ronald King, a U.S. private who is studying dramatics at Lincoln College. He was formerly a student in Virginia. On the left is his tutor, Mr. Nevill Cogwell, Fellow and Tutor at Exeter College

A GROUP OF AMERICAN STUDENTS AND OTHERS EXCHANGE VIEWS IN THE HOUSE OF SIR FREDERICK WOLFF OGILVIE, Principal of Jesus College: American soldiers are being admitted to the University of Oxford. They apply to the American Army authorities who, after grading them according to their qualifications, arrange for the soldier-students to be admitted to the colleges within the University. Here they undergo an eight-weeks course, during which they live and work under similar conditions to the British students. All their expenses are met by the American Government

PLASTIC SHOES FOR THE NEW YEAR: A display of ladies', men's and children's footwear at a Kettering factory

FIVE EXAMPLES OF SHOES with uppers made up of plastic materials: Shoes incorporating plastic cloth are to be on the British market early in the New Year, according to a statement made by the Board of Trade Footwear Controller, Major F. J. Stratton. Experiments in the use of plastic cloth for the uppers of shoes have proved successful, and by its means the shortage of leather will, to some extent, be overcome

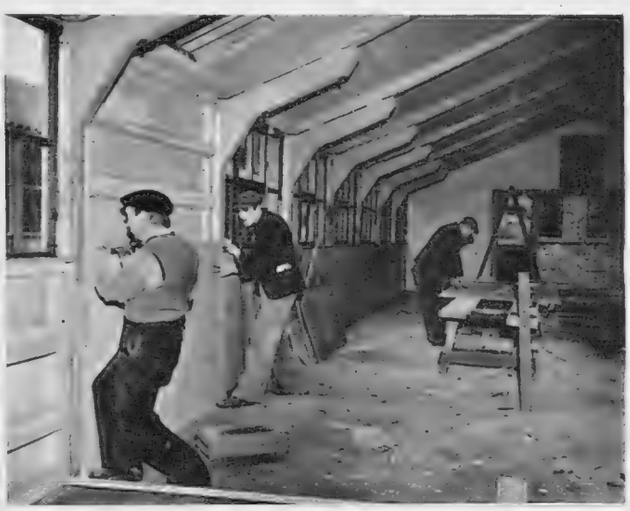
LIFELIKE LILIES MADE FROM GOOSE FEATHERS—a new idea from Norfolk: At Reedham, in Norfolk, a flourishing little industry has been established. Flowers, table decorations and head-dresses are made from feathers plucked from the thousands of birds that come into Pettitt's Packing Station. Pettitt buys, fattens, packs and distributes poultry, rabbits and game collected within a 20-mile radius of Norwich. Girls drive lorries round the countryside to collect, weigh and pay for livestock. Feathers that were once classed as waste material are now carefully sorted, then, using cotton and wire, they are fashioned into flowers



VICAR TURNS HIS SWORD INTO A PLOUGHSHARE: The Rev. J. H. Parsons speaking from the pulpit of Liskeard Parish Church, and exhibiting the ploughshare which was forged from Turkish cavalry swords which formerly hung on his study wall

THE REV. J. H. PARSONS PLOUGHING A CORNISH FIELD with a ploughshare forged from enemy swords: The Rev. J. H. Parsons, Vicar of the Parish Church at Liskeard, in Cornwall, when preparing a sermon some time ago, came on the passage in the Bible, in Isaiah, which said: "And their swords shall be turned into ploughshares." He looked up and saw on the wall of his study four cavalry swords. With one of them he had himself killed Turk enemies in the last war: another had been taken from a Turkish officer. Suddenly, he said, an inspiration came to him, "as from God." He decided he would have the swords made into a ploughshare, as a symbol to youth to look forward to the pursuit of peace. The local blacksmith could not do the job, but the foundry at Polbathic could—and a steel ploughshare from his swords was made in time for the Vicar to use it at ploughing-time

MULBERRY HARBOUR THEORIES APPLIED TO EXPERIMENTAL PERMANENT HOUSES: One of the almost-completed specimens, showing the roof being assembled to be placed bodily on its top. At a site on a golf-course in Croydon, a firm that designed and built portions of the famous Mulberry Harbour for the invasion are now applying their experiences to the housing problem. A jig is built, and slabs of concrete are placed around and cemented in position. The jig is then removed for another house. It is hoped to complete four houses in a week, once the labour problem is solved



PREFABRICATED CLASSROOMS for the new educational programme: Many of London's schools will have to be enlarged to cope with the demands of the new education programme. The problem is to be solved by the erection of prefabricated halls. The first of these are now being put together at the L.C.C. School of Building, destroyed by fire-bombs in 1940. They are of pre-cast concrete, with plaster-board walls

LONDON'S TIMEKEEPER: Mr. Thomas Norgain at work in the Lillie Bridge depot of the L.P.T.B. Mr. Thomas Norgain is London's biggest clock man. It is he who sees to it that millions of Londoners reach their destinations on time. As head of the clock workshop at the Lillie Bridge depot, he is responsible for seeing that all the Board's 6,000 clocks keep perfect time. In addition, he keeps a fatherly eye on about 1,000 train guards' watches

BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET IS BUSY AGAIN, as a result of the activities of British trawlers: Although there is still a shortage of fish, Billingsgate, largest fish market in London, is getting busier. This is the result of more trawlers being released from service with the Royal Navy and the clearing of mines from the North Sea. For the first time in six years, these trawlers are now coming into East Coast ports loaded with fish for distribution to the home markets

THE IMPORTANCE OF N.A.A.F.I. TO-DAY

The Past Work and Future Plans of this Much-maligned but Truly Indispensable Organisation

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

WITH demobilisation only trickling along and the prospect of hundreds of thousands of our troops remaining overseas to police the aggressor States for years to come, the popularity and efficiency of N.A.A.F.I. become more important every day.

While the shooting was still in progress, troops on active service realised that they had to be content with fairly primitive conditions. To-day they naturally want much more comfort and service, particularly from N.A.A.F.I. This is appreciated by the authorities, and to-day N.A.A.F.I. has over 120,000 employees, compared with 96,000 in 1944. This is in spite of the fact that, as things become more normal on the Continent, N.A.A.F.I.'s sphere of operations is shrinking fast. France, Holland and Belgium should be free by next summer. On the other hand, more institutes and clubs are starting every day in Germany.

The latest and biggest of them—bigger than the Montgomery Club in Brussels, or Cim in Rome, or the Palace in Naples—is to be called the Victory Club, and will be for Other Ranks, the building being a seven-storeyed departmental store in Hamburg, badly scarred but now in the process of renovation.

N.A.A.F.I. activities in Italy are now on a smaller scale, but there is an expansion in the Far East, where Singapore, Hong Kong and Ceylon are receiving special attention.

Of course, whatever N.A.A.F.I. may do, it will always be criticised by the Services, if only because of the vast sums of money which appear in the annual balance sheet, and which are duly posted in the canteens. The latest balance sheet, published two months ago, shows a figure of £55,000,000, of which the stock-in-trade at cost is estimated at £34,000,000. It is true that the discount allowed and rebate paid out to Army and R.A.F. Units stands at £25,000,000 for the first five years of the war, and that the cost of E.N.S.A. to the Army and R.A.F. alone aggregates the staggering sum of over £7,000,000, whilst various sums to military and Air Force benevolent funds total another £4,000,000. This is quite apart from the figures for the Navy which, though, of course, smaller, are still formidable and also run into millions. But it takes a chartered accountant to read a balance sheet properly. . . .

What the troops cannot realise is that it is impossible to charge the exact cost, simply because of coinage problems, of 500,000,000 cups of tea. Supposing each cup of tea works out at ¾d., it is impossible to charge that exact sum. Another general complaint is that P.X. and U.S.O.—the American equivalents of N.A.A.F.I. and E.N.S.A.—are so much better. The answer is that P.X. has a bigger range of goods at cheaper prices because the U.S. Government pays for transport, freightage and handling, so that everything is practically cost price. N.A.A.F.I., on the other hand, has to pay commercial rates, including insurance, for all shipping, road and rail transport. The war damage premium alone was £1,000 a day.

Another disadvantage suffered by N.A.A.F.I. is that the man-power shortage in Great Britain was incomparably worse than in the United States, and for a long time during the war it was necessary to employ numbers of staff who would otherwise have been unacceptable. So grave was this shortage of personnel that they were only discharged for the grossest misbehaviour and mismanagement, simply because there was no one to replace them. At one stage it became necessary for N.A.A.F.I. to run its own investigation department aided by the Special Investigation Branch, to prevent the heavy pilferage of goods *en route*.

There is no doubt that the Montgomery Club in Brussels, for example, is one of the most luxurious in Europe. Everything is done for the comfort of the men and women in the Services at remarkably low prices. It may even be reasonable to suppose that any of the officers and men who have shown a last-minute desire to remain in the Services have taken this course in view of the remarkably low prices and real amenities overseas which they enjoy as a result of N.A.A.F.I.

In the meantime, considerable efforts are still being made to dispel the suspicion among the troops that some mysterious gang of profiteers have been making millions of pounds a year out of them. In point of fact, the N.A.A.F.I. Board of Management must be the lowest-paid in the world for an organisation of this size. Three Service officers are paid normal Service pay. Of the four civilians, three of them—Sir Richard Burbidge (Harrods), Sir Lancelot Royle (Meadow Dairies) and R. F. Erskine (Morgan Grenfell)—have been lent free by their firms. The fourth, Sir Frank Benson, is paid an honorarium amounting to less than a captain's pay. Many civilians are not aware of the astonishing responsibilities of the corporation. Its main functions, of course, are to supply messing goods not supplied by the R.A.S.C., and to conduct institutes wherever it is asked to do so. To-day it conducts 7,000 canteens at home and overseas, controls 10,000 establishments; has operated in thirty countries during the present war; runs buffet cars on troops' leave-trains; has 500 mobile canteens and coffee trailers; runs canteens, bookstalls and soda fountains on H.M. ships; has its own fleet of canteen motor-launches; opens barbers' shops for the Navy in shore establishments; supplies sports kit for the training and entertainment of the Services and cosmetics to the women's auxiliaries and enlists staff into the Royal Navy, R.A.S.C. and A.T.S. for duties overseas and on board ship. But though it finances all E.N.S.A. shows for the Services, it has no control over their quality or quantity.

To-day, the turnover is well over £100,000,000 per annum, the sort of figure which is anathema to the troops but is inevitable in a world-wide organisation which cannot adopt a cut-price policy because it would be accused of unfair dealing, would lose its trading facilities and would invite allegations of illicit trading as between the troops and civilians. And other sources of revenue would have to be found to provide canteen furnishings, entertainments and the other amenities which the present system makes possible.

What the organisation would like the troops to realise is that they should regard N.A.A.F.I. as the means by which they buy for themselves wholesale to sell to themselves retail—retaining for themselves all surplus after normal trading expenses have been covered.

No doubt the newspapers will soon be full of photographs showing all the turkeys and Christmas fare provided by N.A.A.F.I. for the troops. In the United Kingdom they will on December 25 get one shell egg each at breakfast in addition to their normal rations, together with over a quarter of a pound of poultry (turkey, chicken, goose or duck), ¼ lb. of Christmas pudding and a mince-pie. Overseas it is promised that they will get ¼ lb. of poultry and Christmas pudding and 1 oz. of mincemeat, with any nuts or fresh fruit available locally. The troops in the B.A.O.R. will get the same, with the addition of an extra chocolate ration.

Troops in the Berlin area will be in a good position to send back Christmas presents, for the N.A.A.F.I. Officer in Charge, Major Petit, sent out a team of German merchants all over Germany some weeks ago to organise the supply of special goods for the N.A.A.F.I. gift shops. Over 40,000 presents, ranging from cosmetics and jewellery down to wooden toys, are now available, so that they can reach their fortunate recipients by Christmas.

At present N.A.A.F.I. operates 1,451 trading establishments overseas. These include canteens, clubs, bulk-issue stores, warehouses, grocery shops, and the like. Of these, 946 are in the Middle East, 192 in B.A.O.R., 150 in the Central Mediterranean area, which includes Italy and West Africa, 120 in Ceylon, but only 39 as yet in S.E.A.C. The establishments in B.A.O.R. include 19 breweries, operated by locals under N.A.A.F.I. management, the malt and hops coming from this country, two mineral-water factories in Holland, and numbers of mobile bakeries in Germany.

In this way, the armies overseas are no longer fleeced by local profiteers. The gift shops have enabled troops to buy their gifts at half the prices charged by local curio dealers; nor are the troops forced to consume tainted and infected foods. The breweries and mineral-water factories have removed any danger of bad drink.

In the realms of sport and indoor recreation, the organisation plays an important part. Gymnasia and playing fields for the Forces are almost exclusively equipped by N.A.A.F.I., whose sports department supplies thousands of sets of games equipment and sports wear annually. Through the same agency, thousands of books were placed in the hands of our troops in Iceland to while away the long nights of their first Arctic winter. In certain Middle East canteens a free library system is operated.

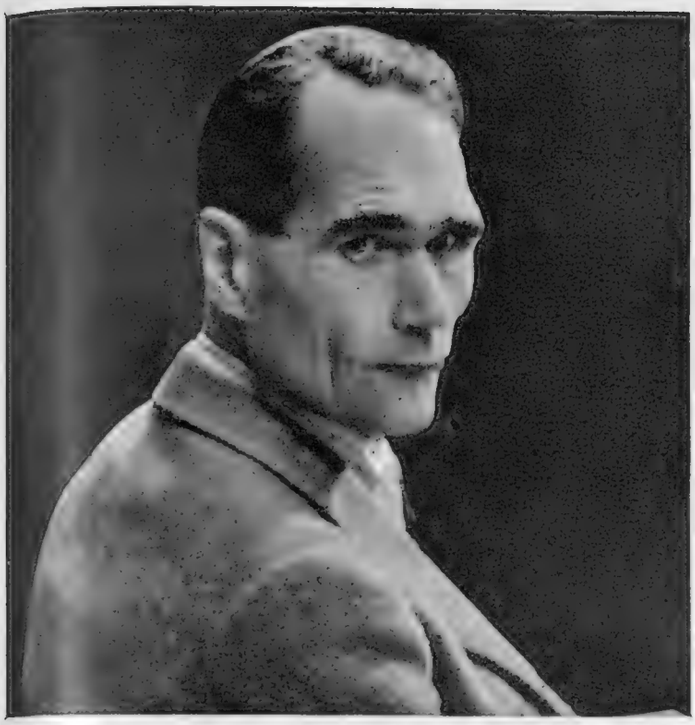
As far as food is concerned, more than half of the actual messing for the Army and the R.A.F. is obtained from the organisation, including such items as bacon, sausages, butter, rice, oatmeal, fruit, vegetables, cereals, eggs, pies, fresh milk, canned meat, fish and sauces. It is N.A.A.F.I. which also provides the beer, cigarettes and light refreshments for a unit dance, together with the toilet goods, boot and button polish, toothpaste and hair cream—when in stock.

So much for the Army and Air Force. A similar service is provided for the Royal Navy. Nearly every ship has a N.A.A.F.I. establishment aboard. When a ship goes into action, the N.A.A.F.I. canteen personnel's duty is to proceed to action stations with the rest of the ship's company. To replenish ships' stocks, the Naval Canteen Service employs a fleet of supply boats to deliver fresh stocks for the day, and bring back the empties. These launches are capable of long trips at sea under their own power. Some of them are said to have made journeys of hundreds of miles.

There is still, of course, much to be done to make N.A.A.F.I. perfect. At least, however, it has more funds and stocks at its disposal than ever before, and with the drop in the war damage insurance premiums alone it ought to be able to make the life of the troops very comfortable indeed.

BARTER SHOP IN BERLIN: The eager faces outside peering at the window display within: Potential customers looking at the various items on show in a little shop, on the Potsdamer Strasse in the American sector of Berlin, which is run on the barter principle. The proprietor, F. Scheibenhuber, can arrange exchanges, such as a table-cloth for a pair of shoes, for his women customers, or a coat for a wireless set for men clients. All these things can be obtained by exchange only—no cash can be accepted for any of the goods displayed

"THE LITTLE PATIENT": A well-known firm of greeting-card manufacturers, Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., has produced 10,000 copies of a calendar on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C. The proceeds from sales will go to the funds of the Hospital. Printed in three-colour letterpress, the calendar has a picture (called "The Little Patient") of an appealing child. The calendar costs 2s. 6d. and may be bought in shops and stores; it will make an acceptable gift for Christmas or the New Year



IS HE INSANE? A close-up study of Rudolf Hess, for years a prisoner in England before being returned to Germany for his trial at Nuremberg. The strong jaw has become strangely weak, and the eyes now seem to stare into vacancy

THE THREE CHIEF NAZIS IN CHARACTERISTIC POSES: This picture seems to sum up their attitude towards life. Goering frequently appears to be fatalistic; Hess, vacant or merely stupid; Ribbentrop, serious and concentrated. All three have lost considerably in weight

THE DARK GLASSES WORN BY DOENITZ AND SCHIRACH: The arc-lights in the court-room are so strong that these two prisoners have chosen to wear dark-tinted spectacles to protect their weak eyes

THE FIRST TIME RIBBENTROP HAS SMILED DURING THE TRIAL: It was during one of the luncheon intervals, as he was returning to his place in the dock, when he stopped to exchange a word with some of the court officials. His usual attitude is one of intense depression and seriousness

STUDIES from NUREMBERG

During the Trial of the German War Criminals

RIBBENTROP CONSULTS HIS COUNSEL: Dr. Alfred Seidl, wearing his lawyer's cap and gown in this picture, is one of a number of Germans engaged for the defence; most of them were former members of the Nazi Party. Behind Ribbentrop in the dock is the strange, sunken-eyed figure of Rudolf Hess

GOERING STANDS UP IN THE DOCK AS THE COURT ADJOURNS FOR LUNCH: As this picture shows, he has lost a good deal of his former fleshiness; now his uniform jacket hangs loosely over his shrunken stomach

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

A GREAT LADY AND HER HOME.—Many people retain a life-long ideal of the English country-house. Woolbeding, Midhurst, remains my ideal. It is mentioned in Doomsday Book as a "perfect manor." Held until the end of the sixteenth century by the Earls of Arundel, it passed into possession of the family of Mills, baronets of Hampshire, who brought from Mottisfont the glass in the east window of the tiny church. (So much for guide-book information.) It was afterwards acquired by Lord Robert Spencer, friend of Fox, and passed by succession or devise to Ponsonbys and to Lord Lanerton, brother of Lord Carlisle, who married a Ponsonby. The Lanertons, related by blood respectively to Colonel Henry Lascelles and his wife, Caroline, left the property to these Lascelles. It was Lord Robert Spencer who received authority from Mr. Poyntz, immediately after the destruction of Cowdray by fire, to remove the famous Benvenuto Cellini fountain, with its gem statue of Neptune, from the courtyard at Cowdray, and he carried it off in a farmcart to Woolbeding and set it up on his lawn over against the church. Woolbeding's trees were always famous for their size. Creevey praised the cedars and Sir William Hooker gave pride of place to the great tulip-tree, which was at its best in 1860 and is still remarkable.

The house, built of grey stone, and tiled with slate, is rambling and dignified. Of no great architectural pretensions, it incorporates some sixteenth-century brickwork, but, in the main, is Georgian with Victorian additions. It is the inside which holds its merits. The chief bedrooms, many of them hung with the charming sketches of Lady Diana Beauclerk, and each affording through the wide windows an intimate and individual view of the gardens and avenues, a view which almost amounts to "access," are fragrant and comfortable and restful to a rare degree. The living-rooms are spacious, dignified and comfortable, and furnished (until the last war) with the undisturbed accumulations of 200 years of ownership by people of taste. There are many fine and interesting pictures, gracious furniture of a spacious age, and quantities of books in every room and in every passage.

Among them are relics of famous guests, of whom Charles James Fox was perhaps the most notable and constant in the days when he represented the constituency.

Time seems indeed to have stood still here. For generations hardly a brick was added to those which time had mellowed. One often felt that within this small, favoured and divinely-protected green angle, Nature had established her last reserve; and sanity, dignity and peace had made their final dispositions to resist the advances of turmoil, tastelessness, selfishness and iconoclasm. For ever, here at least, the scent of heliotrope, verbena and mown grass would pervade those sweet, airy bedrooms; for ever the music of the little river tumbling over the weir, the plash of Benvenuto's little fountain into its marble basin, mingling with the notes of English song-birds, would banish from this last, lost corner of Old England the sound of the grinding in the strident world outside.

A Sense of Permanence.—And, indeed, though there is no acre of this land of ours to-day which can claim to have been spared the tragedies of two World Wars, this old Sussex manor house, though now far gone back to nature, still remains at peace, inviolate; still stands for peace of mind in suffering, for faith in times of trial, cheerfulness in adversity, a triumph of spirit, an unstormed stronghold of the noblest ideals and traditions of our race, and typifies those things which we have fought so desperately and so long to preserve. In my memories of the place, the influence it shed has been constantly noble, stimulating, brave and happy. Permanence, personal survival—these are, first and foremost, the unsatisfiable cravings of humanity. If the proofs were forthcoming, if our faith in such of them as we examine were itself proof against new doubts, there would be no tears in things, no victory for death, no pathos to be poured out on the high hopes of youth, the disillusion of middle age, the loneliness and suffering of old age.

The spirit and the body are two, not one—in that fact lie both the tragedy of living and our hope of immortality. They must march together to the dividing road, their partnership growing less easy with the years, as the body ages and the spirit refuses to yield up the dreams of youth and immortality. Many poets and thinkers have found their truths and philosophies and faiths in gardens. And in this garden I have gone near to such discoveries. Many men and women and young people in my time have loved it. If our faith could achieve only so much as this—to accept it that something of each of us survives death, and adds harmony to the music of its birds and waters, and merges in the scents and colour of its lawns and meadows, is one with its peace at sunrise and at sunset, *that* were immortality enough for my satisfaction; *that* would afford secure permanence to the place. I make no apology for having said something very like this before.

A Great Victorian.—For nearly sixty years the peace and charm of Woolbeding were inspired by, and identified with, Caroline Lascelles, who died in November. It was in the '80's that she came first to Woolbeding. They lived their lives there and they made Woolbeding a perfect holiday home in summer and winter year after year for young and old among their nearer relations.

MR. NOEL COWARD REGISTERS ALARM whilst escorting the Duchess of Kent: At the recent gala premiere of Mr. Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter*, at the New Gallery, the Duchess of Kent tripped on the stairs while being escorted to her seat by Mr. Coward. Fortunately, she managed to retain her balance

Mrs. Lascelles used to say that it had been her fate never to live in a house with a name. The home on Wimbledon Common of her parents, Mr. Charles Gore and Lady Kerry, bore no name; and for half a century the little village—only-in-name by the Rother—was identified with her, as it was influenced in all it did by her. She was the benevolent dictator of all which the name Woolbeding comprised. She knew the heart of everyone in the community and the origin of every flower in her garden. Her interests were wide, her outlook and zest were Victorian and robust. Her standards of conduct high and her taste perhaps exclusive. Her character was the noblest possible. Her brother, Bishop Gore, passed many of his holidays with her; her nephew, Archbishop Temple, was often there; and both acknowledged her intellectual worth and discussed some of their problems with her.

In appearance, as the decades passed and the wars brought her inevitable losses, she changed but little, the passing years adding only to the matchless grace and dignity of her face. Nothing ever weakened her zest for life, her keen interest in current problems, her sense of humour, her practical sympathy for, and her shrewd understanding of, the minds of the young, and especially of little boys. To some the picture of her in memory will be of the middle years of her activity; to some of old age, as she sat "at the receipt of custom" on the days when her garden was opened to the public, wearing her old garden hat, chaffing all-comers and deploring the poverty of her borders. And some will remember her in the last years—she lived to be eighty-eight—boldly driving in her electric chair along the lanes to Midhurst Council Meetings or to the farms and cottages on the estate. All memories will honour one of the noblest women of our day and will concur in the verdict of King Edward VII after a surprise visit to Woolbeding: "That is a very great lady indeed." He could recognise the difference between a great lady and an "important." That nowadays is a rare form of discrimination.

A great lady, a great Victorian, a true Christian, a noble influence. . . . "How far the little candle throws its light." For decades she hardly left the confines of her own estate. Yet while she reigned at Woolbeding, there were people far and wide who could feel that still there remained one bridge open with the old virtues and graces, with order, discipline, sanity, joy, peace, faith in God—even in a world which has now been turned upside-down.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

UNDER THE COUNTER (Phœnix).—Can Black Market activities be funny? One would not have thought so. But the answer in this case is that Miss Cicely Courtneidge could make almost anything funny. Here is a "musical" of an original type, in that there is too much plot and too little music instead of vice-versa. Fortunately that cumbersome and not always amusing plot has Miss Courtneidge as its principal interpreter, and she rarely leaves the stage. Her part is that of an actress who buys all sorts of things in the manner suggested by the title, burlesques songs and lyrics with the young man who is supposed to have written them, and mixes herself up in diplomatic affairs with a certain Sir Alec Dunne, played with heartiness and power by Mr. Hartley Power. Miss Jeanne Stuart looks very lovely, and that is about all she has to do, which is a pity. Good performances, too, from Mr. Cyril Raymond and from Miss Irene Handle as a comic Cockney maidservant on the old familiar lines. Mr. Manning Sherwin's music is so attractive that I could have done with more of it. The same applies to that sprightly little group of chorus ladies. When some dullish spots—there are not many of them—are eliminated, *Under the Counter* should be a first-rate show of its type. It is pretty good as it is.

The Sacred Flame (St. Martin's).—I recall with pleasure the original production (1929) of this play of Somerset Maugham's, which is very nearly his last, and the fine performance of the late Clare Eames, who has a worthy successor in Miss Sonia Dresdel. She plays most cleverly the nurse (an extremely difficult part) who is attending a young wounded airman who dies after the first act. Was it his wife, now in love with his brother, who gave him that overdose of sleeping-draught? No. But go and see. Miss Mary Hinton as the airman's mother, also a brilliant bit of work, keeps one guessing.

This play has been put on for a series of matinees only—*The Shop at Sly Corner* continues to occupy the evening bill at this theatre—for the present theatre shortage makes such an arrangement necessary. It was a wise choice.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "THE SACRED FLAME": The St. Martin's Matinee Season. This play, with its discussion of the right to take human life in order to shorten suffering, has been revived at the St. Martin's for a run of matinees only. Above are seen Mary Martlet as Stella Tabret and Ian Lubbock as Maurice Tabret. Sonia Dresdel plays the part of Nurse Wayland

THE SPARROWS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK BEGIN THEIR WINTER QUEST FOR FOOD: It doesn't take much to feed a sparrow. Nevertheless, with the approach of winter, the perky little birds become more eager for sustenance and seem to be more keen-eyed for scraps dropped from visitors' bags and parcels. The great baulk of timber in this picture is the top rail on the bridge crossing the lake in St. James's Park: here kindly visitors place their scraps of bread, or morsels of bacon rind, so that the sparrows may feast and fatten, to face the rigorous weather ahead, when the lake itself may become frozen over

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES ARE NOW IN TRAINING IN LONDON: No Christmas would be complete without a visit to the pantomime. At Italia Conti's stage school in London, children are now very busy training to become Christmas fairies. Many famous stars of to-day were pupils at this school; and stage producers look for the stars of to-morrow among the present pupils. This is Virginia Vernon, aged nine, tying on her ballet shoes before rehearsing a fairy dance.

THE WINTER TRAWLER-FISHING SEASON IS NOW IN FULL SWING: Work goes on through the night as the trawl is hauled aboard the Grimsby vessel "Marano"

THE COMING OF WINTER

The fishing fleets are once more leaving port to trawl for fish on their old fishing-grounds, which extend as far north as Bear Island and south to the Danish Coast. At the North Sea port of Grimsby from 2,000 to 3,000 tons of fish are landed daily at the height of the winter season. It is well equipped for its main industry, having the largest ice-making plant in the world, and able to service over 3,000 railway stations in this country and on the Continent. Most of the catch now goes to the Home markets; with the return of more trawlers from service with the Royal Navy, it is hoped that the fish shortage will be overcome

ON THE CONTINENT, THE FIRST SNOWS OF WINTER HAVE ALREADY FALLEN: The horses find it hard going in Hamburg—so the carman gives them fodder during a snowstorm. Winter has begun in Hamburg. The first snow has fallen, bringing with it a foretaste of greater hardships to follow. With very little food and with the lack of accommodation, thousands of Germans this winter will suffer severely

GERMAN REFUGEES MAKE A GRIM SPECTACLE AS THEY PASS THROUGH HAMBURG DURING A SNOWSTORM: While the men push the heavier luggage, the women wheel the children on cycles

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

The COMPLEX RESISTANCE MOVEMENT in ALBANIA

A Young Englishman's Heartbreaking Wartime Assignment; A Study in Child Psychology; Experiences in Corvettes; What They Read in Bristol; Dogs, Drawings, Carols and Cricket

THE one thing that seems to emerge from the accounts of resistance movements that are now being published is the complication, and sometimes the confusion, of their internal ramifications, even in cases where the delineation between friend and enemy was sharpest. In Albania, it seems, not even this situation was clear, and a British officer, parachuted into or landed on the Albanian coast might find his mission becoming almost hopelessly involved with local cross-currents of feeling and conflicting loyalties.

EIGHT HOURS FROM ENGLAND (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is a story of the resistance movement—or movements—in Albania, as seen by a young Englishman who is secretly landed on the Albanian coast, with the job of organising the patriot forces and resistance movements of the interior to harass the Germans. He is impeded by the fact that the Albanians are on the brink of a civil war between the Partisans, who are Communists, and the Balli, who are against the Communists even to the extent of joining the Germans.

Neither side has arms, and the Allies in their shipments of supplies have hitherto favoured the Partisans, who, amongst other things, are a better-organised force. This has, of course, antagonised the Balli. Mr. Anthony Quayle's hero and his handful of men trek back and forth across the snow-covered mountains, meeting the leaders of the opposing parties. They are in continuous hiding from the Germans, and, in this, they are hampered by large bands of unarmed Italians, turned adrift after the armistice and roaming the mountains in search of food.

That will give some idea of the difficulties the young man has to contend with when he sets himself the task of reconciling the two opposing parties. It is an immensely readable story, which breathes fact and not fiction throughout, and, if the word hadn't such a forbidding ring, I would say that it was extremely educational, whether one agrees or not with the author's views on the "tyranny of the Left and the tyranny of the Right."

Miss Noel Streatfeild's new novel has a moving and tragic theme: the gradual deterioration of a family through the separation that war conditions bring about. SAPLINGS (Collins. 9s. 6d.) is the story of the four children of the Wiltshire family, and it opens in the summer before the war, when they are all happily together at the seaside with their mother and father. It is a holiday which their father feels instinctively will be their last together before world events close in on them.

They are a contained and happy little family; their mother loves them, but obviously thinks more of them as a decoration and crown to her own happiness than as separate and important personalities; to their father, on the contrary, they are a joy and a trust, and their well-being and happiness is his first thought. Wartime evacuation brings the first jolt to the childish minds, and almost at once their characters change subtly, as they feel the strain of their parents' parting.

Separated from the husband she adores, the mother's innate selfishness comes to the fore, but while they have her and are together, the children feel themselves a unit. Then comes the worst blow: the children's father is killed in an air raid and the eldest boy is obsessed with the idea that his father struggled for days before dying a horrible death. There is no truth in that, but it is not for many months, and after almost irreparable damage has been done, that the truth is discovered and the facts explained to the boy.

After that there is a gradual deterioration, with the pretty, spoiled mother taking to drink and slowly coarsening, and the children sent to different schools, where they feel desolate, unloved and unwanted. As a result, they get into trouble, get bad reports or are expelled, and not until their uncles and aunts take a hand does their mother pull herself up sharply and make some attempt to direct her children's lives and assure their security.

As a study in child psychology this book is sensitively and warmly written. It is a good novel and it is also a cautionary tale.

GLAMOUR, PLUS—LANA TURNER AT A PARTY IN HOLLYWOOD: Lost in day dreams (or should they be night dreams?), lovely screen actress Lana Turner pays no heed to what producer David O. Selznick (left) is whispering to her escort, Rory Calhoun. Miss Turner, wearing the hair style now fashionable in Hollywood, is seen during a party at the Mocambo, a well-known Hollywood night-spot

During the war Lieut.-Commander Nicholas Monsarrat wrote three successive books about his experiences in corvettes; short books, since he was a pretty busy man at the time, but books which, as I pointed out, I think, on each occasion, were likely to be among the best war records that we should have for later reference. In the meantime, they were poignant, witty and inspiring; models of what such stuff, written by a serving officer, may be.

I am delighted to see that they are now published in one volume as THREE CORVETTES (Cassell. 5s.), illustrated, as before, by inimitable snapshots and more sober, but equally impressive, official photographs. Even in these not very piping days of peace, no one will need much pressing to spend these two half-crowns.

Mr. James Ross, City Librarian of Bristol, who has been responsible in previous years for excellent pamphlets of suggestions on reading, with special reference to his own city's facilities, has published a survey of READING IN BRISTOL which should make rival townships and boroughs sit up and take notice.

Mr. Ross lists, among other things, the damage done by air raids to the various libraries under his care, and gives a catalogue of the books, divided into subject groups, that were taken out on a representative Saturday in 1944. Unfortunately, he does not add the number which they total, but it is an imposing list covering more than ten pages of close type, and showing, in the fiction department, such old acquaintances as Walter Scott and Harrison Ainsworth well ahead of the Hemingways and Huxleys. Sir Hugh Walpole, incidentally, tops the poll in this section.

ENGLISH CRICKET (Collins. 4s. 6d.) is in itself a dedication to the game. In the brief span of its forty-eight pages are to be found the story of the development of cricket from the days of the curved bat and under-arm bowling to the pre-war period of gargantuan scores and stalemate matches. It is far more, however, than an historical survey; it is the crystallisation of the observations and thoughts on the game of the writer, who is one of its most brilliant and its most experienced patrons and judges.

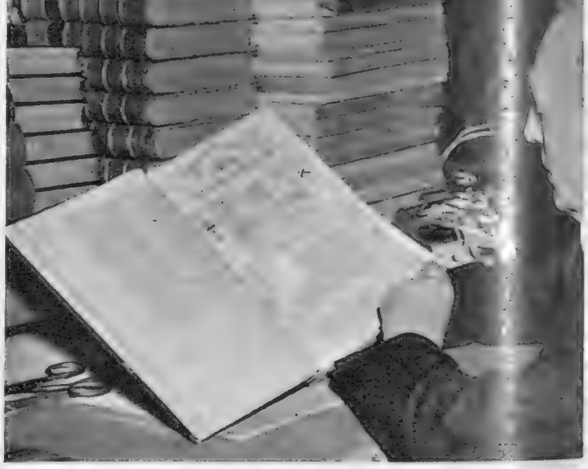
Mr. Neville Cardus seeks not only to inform but to reveal, and time and time again in this book he succeeds, by the quality of his writing, in re-creating the whole atmosphere of a cricket match in perfect conditions. In a few sentences he can hypnotise one into feeling the quiet somnolence of an afternoon's session at Lord's; in a few paragraphs he holds one enthralled by the account of an exciting finish as if one had been present at the match; and his eulogy of Ranjitsinhji's batsmanship is worth the whole price of the book.

The author's approach to the game is that of an idealist. To him the spirit of the game is the first consideration, and he censures the modern trend of mechanical run-making. Again, to him it is not the great scores which leave their mark on the cricketing world, but the great stylists of the game. He ends by expressing a hope—almost a plea—that the cricketers of to-morrow will abandon the sterile policy of score-building for a braver and more gracious one.

BRITISH DOGS (Collins. 4s. 6d.) has a letter-press by Mr. Croxton Smith, who is chairman of the Kennel Club, and, as in the case of the foregoing book, has admirable line and colour reproductions of old paintings and prints by way of illustration. Both are in that excellent series "Britain in Pictures."

With Christmas practically upon us, this seems a good moment to announce—and a timely one to publish—a new edition of A CHRISTMAS CAROL (Pan Books. 4s. 6d.), in which Charles Dickens' original text is unaltered, and John Leech's hand-coloured illustrations have been finely reproduced. It is a charming little production, small enough to fit into a generously-sized envelope, and having all the earmarks of the Perfect Christmas Present

Dickens' own foreword, from the first edition, is as apt now as when he wrote it in 1843. "I have endeavoured," he wrote, "in this ghostly little book, to raise the Ghost of an idea, which shall not put my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me. May it haunt their houses pleasantly, and no one wish to lay it."



THE FIRST ILLUMINATED "DECAMERON," which has just sold for £3,400 and is to go to New York: On November 26 this superb edition of Giovanni Boccaccio's *Decameron* came under the hammer at Messrs. Sotheby's London sale-rooms. The purchasers were the famous firm of Rosenbach, of New York, who specialise in rare books and manuscripts. The volume was published in Venice in 1492 and is profusely illustrated. It is one of the only five perfect copies known to exist. Mr. Rham, of Sotheby's, who made the purchase on behalf of Messrs. Rosenbach, is seen examining the rare edition

The first four titles in an interesting series, "The Faber Gallery," have just been published under the general editorship of Mr. R. H. Wilenski. They are MUSIC IN PAINTING, with an introduction and notes by Mr. Lawrence Haward; DEGAS, with the letter-press by Mr. Wilenski; BLAKE, text by Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, and FLORENTINE PAINTINGS (Fifteenth Century), by Sir Kenneth Clark. Each volume is published at 6s., and contains about nine full-page reproductions in colour, a praiseworthy feat in days when the making of books is still such a difficult matter.

The SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

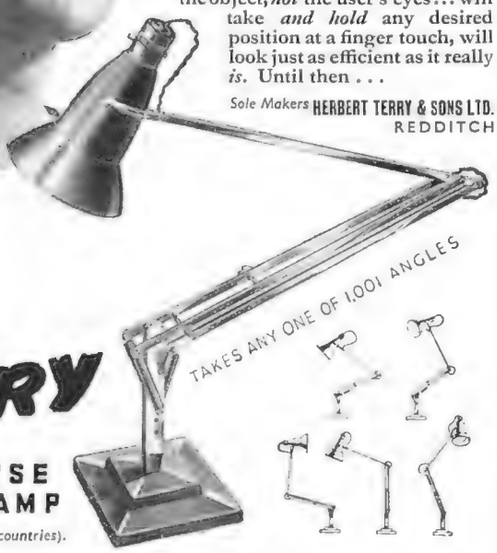
JOY, LAVINIA AND ANNE, are three little girls whose father left them. There are also three other tiny children in the same family, but no money coming in to help ease the burden of the mother. A kind friend intervened and to-day these girlies are happy at the Esher Place Home for Girls belonging to The Shaftesbury Homes, of 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. Your financial assistance in this case will be greatly appreciated.

"One day I'm going to buy an Anglepoise"

To the millions of women who have made this promise to themselves during the days of war-time shortages we make *our* promise that we shall soon be producing the Anglepoise for the public again.

And this wonderful 1,001 angle lamp will be better than ever . . . will throw its gently focussed light on the object, *not* the user's eyes . . . will take *and hold* any desired position at a finger touch, will look just as efficient as it really *is*. Until then . . .

Sole Makers HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD. REDDITCH



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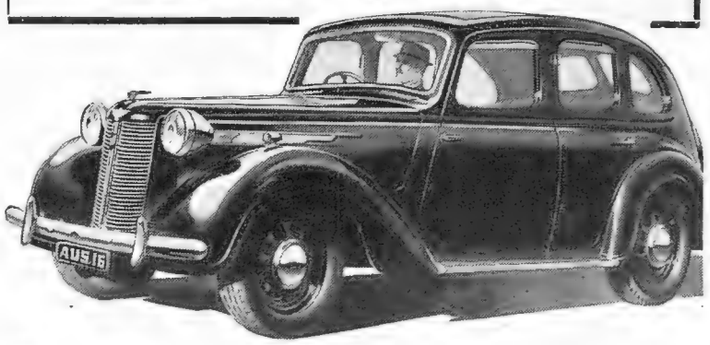

The new Austin Sixteen takes the road, with roomy comfort for five passengers, ample luggage space, and an entirely new 16 h.p. overhead-valve engine—packed with power, yet smooth, responsive, and dependable. Ask your local Austin Dealer for more details.

Features of this new Sixteen include engine lubrication refinements ensuring long life; protected exhaust valves; rubber tensioner for the timing chain giving quiet performance; 'soft' engine mountings; new gearbox propeller shaft and final drive features for smooth running; Cam gear steering; anti-roll torsion bars; hydraulic jacking; extensively sound-insulated body; seating planned for long-distance comfort; interior heating. Choice of three colours.

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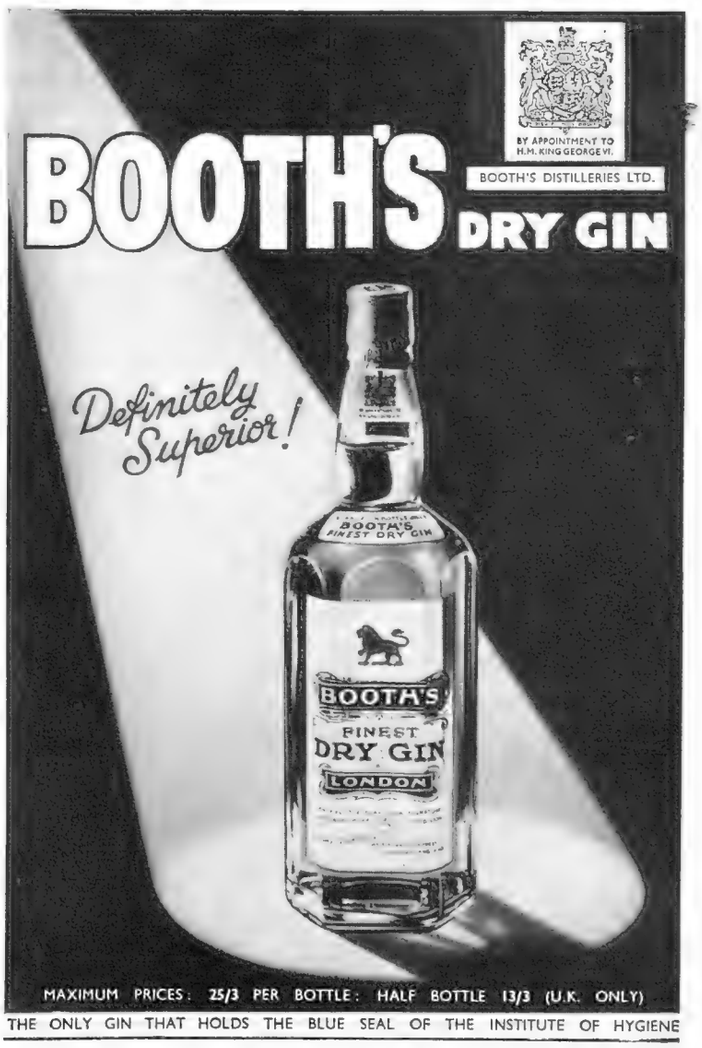

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

DR. OLIVER, inventor of the famous Bath Oliver Biscuit, was untiring in his zeal for the poor. In this reproduction from the original painting by William Hoare, he is seen with his friend and collaborator, Jerry Pierce, examining patients in the Bath General Hospital, which he helped to found.

In the brilliant and fashionable assemblies of Eighteenth-Century Bath, these celebrated biscuits enjoyed a reputation which has since developed into a national demand. Enjoyment of their crisp quality is restricted today due to zoning. But Bath Olivers will be readily available again when materials make it possible.

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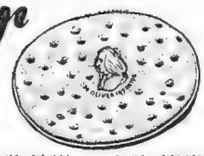
Bath Oliver
BISCUITS



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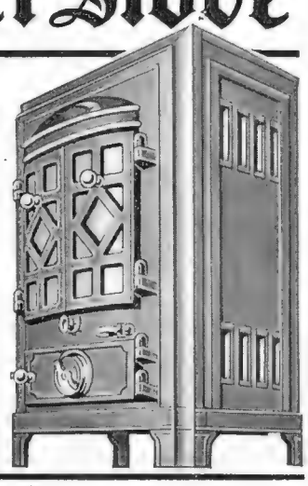

Ring out the old, Ring in the new

Christmas 1945 finds the world at peace. In our homes and amongst our loved ones many will rejoice again in the new-found peace.

In our happiness, we must not forget those less fortunate than ourselves. There are still large numbers of men and women in the Forces in many parts of the world, who on Christmas Day will enjoy the good cheer provided in Church Army Leave Hostels, Clubs and Canteens.

At home our Church Army Officers will seek out the sick, the lonely, the aged, the children, the gentlewomen in distress, and the very poor, and will try to give them the kind of help . . . fuel, comfort and little extras . . . which will gladden their hearts.

Will you at this Season of Goodwill help the Church Army all you can in its special Christmas efforts?

Cheques, etc., should be made payable to the Church Army, crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army" and sent to the Rev. Prebendary HUBERT H. TREACHER, General Secretary and Head.

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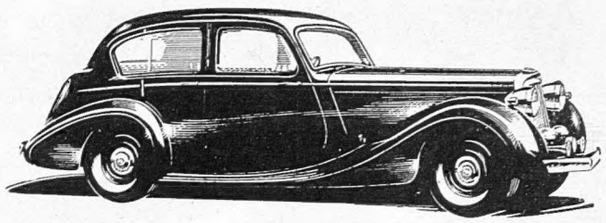

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TINY TIM'S TOAST

YOU remember how "The Ghost of Christmas Present" took Scrooge to the humble home of his clerk, Bob Cratchit, where the happy family could be seen enjoying a Christmas feast, and how Tiny Tim, echoing his father's sentiments, gave the toast, "*God bless us, every one!*"

Dickens portrayed a scene which reminds us of the plight of Britain's Cripples. For many of these there is no future.

For eighty years John Groom's Crippleage has been fighting the cause of Britain's Crippled Girls, training them to make artificial flowers, thus enabling them to earn sufficient to become largely self-supporting.

In addition, we have 150 children in our Girls' Orphanage, all fully maintained from babyhood to fifteen years.

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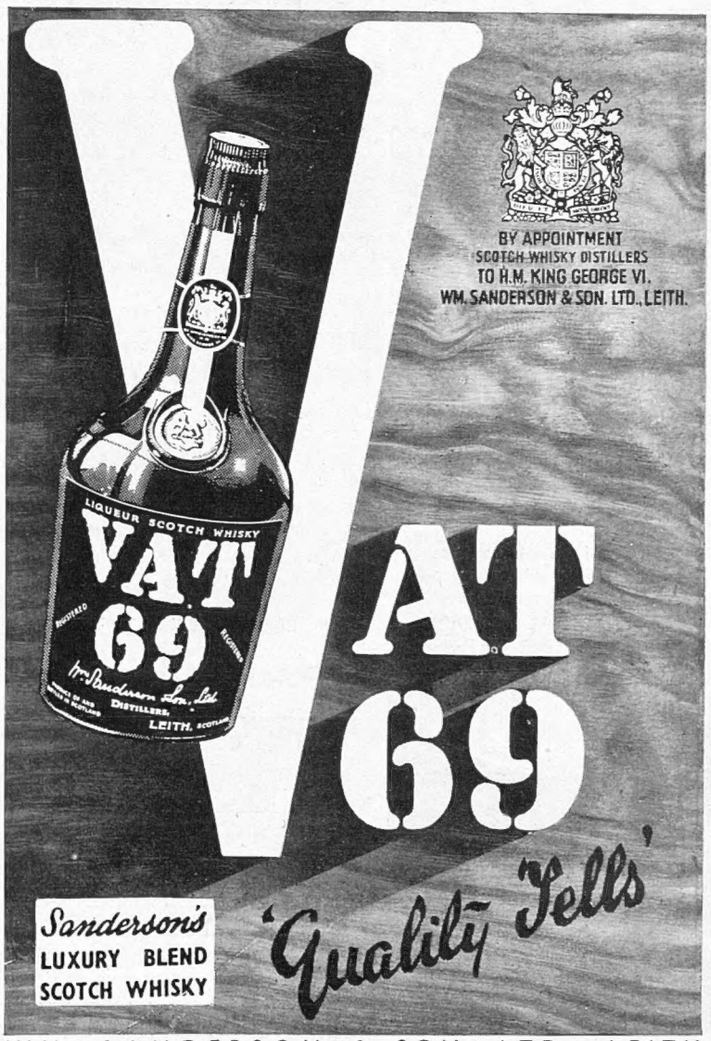

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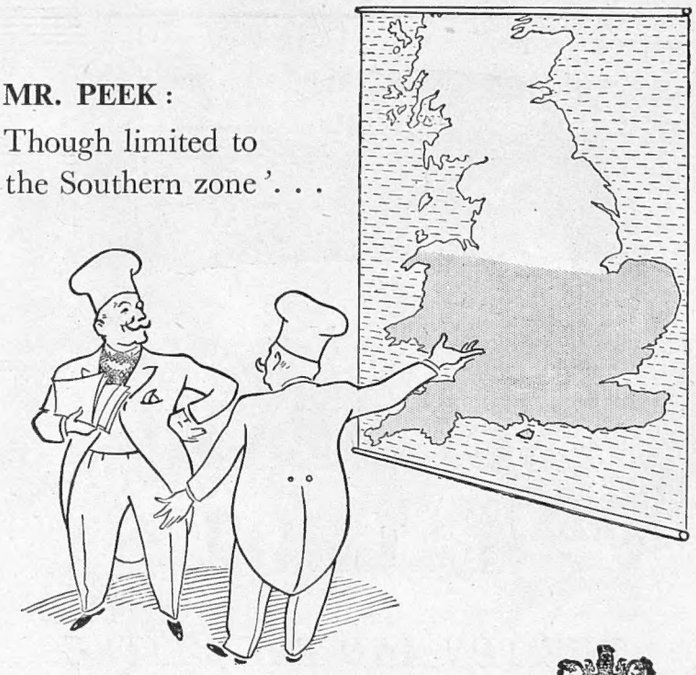
'Though limited to the Southern zone'. . .



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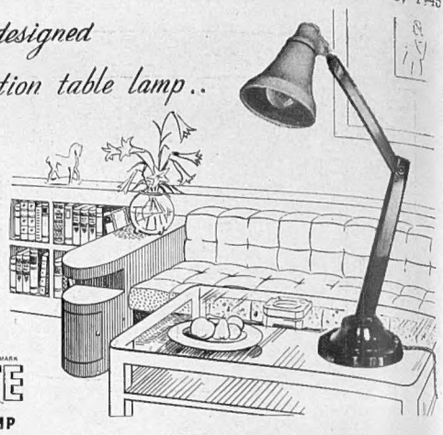

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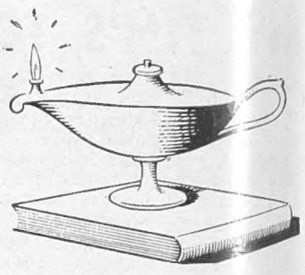

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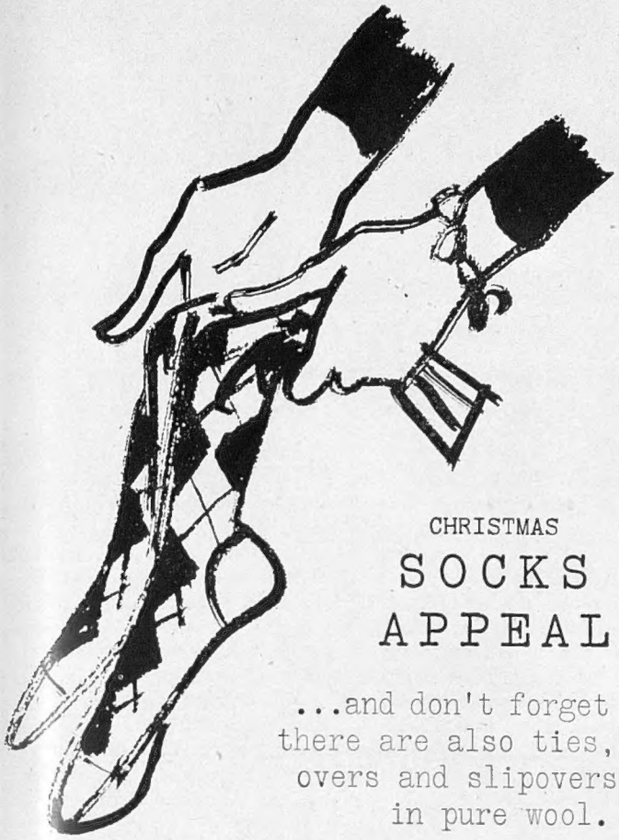

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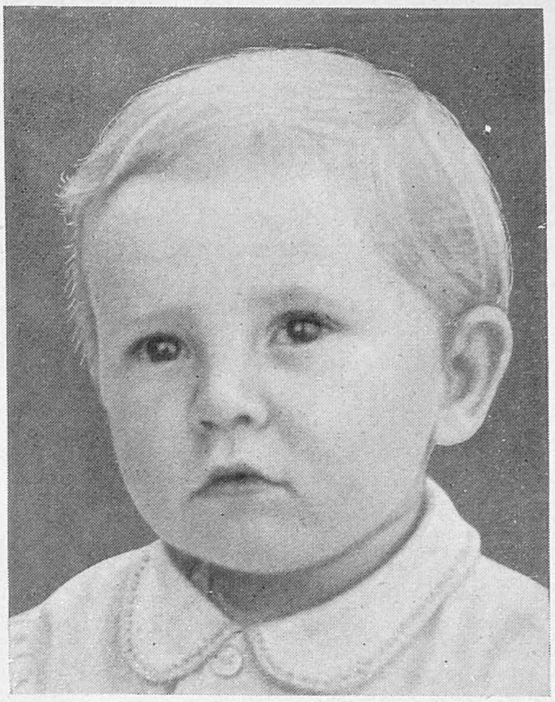

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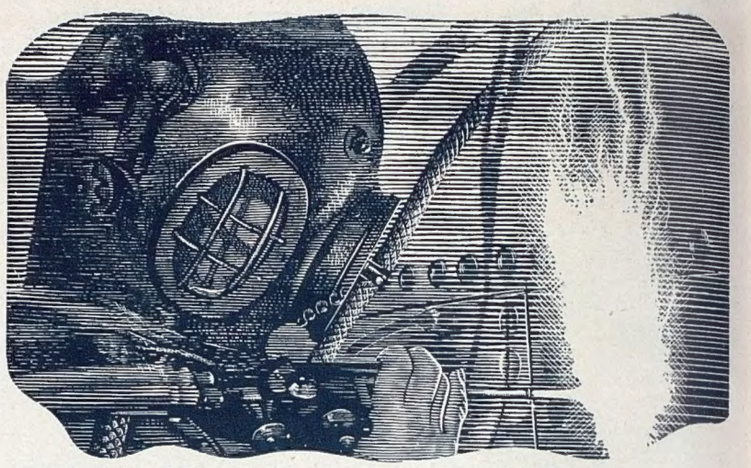

This flame cuts steel UNDER WATER

FROM the day of the first landing in Italy to VE-Day harbours were a problem. It was one thing to capture a port but quite another to put it into operation. The enemy destroyed dock equipment and made matters doubly difficult by scuttling vessels in the most awkward positions. Clearing the ports became a No. 1 priority, and speed was essential. Here was a job for the oxygen flame-cutter, and how well and speedily it justified itself is proved by the fact that harbours were in use again within weeks. Not only did this modern tool help to clear the mass of tangled steel in the docks but it went beneath the water and cut away obstructions. Time, the all-important factor in war, was saved. And it is the saving of time and labour with the oxygen flame-cutter that is so important in peace. For oxygen cutting is not only speedier in demolition—it saves time in production by cutting curves and angles in much less time than by other methods.

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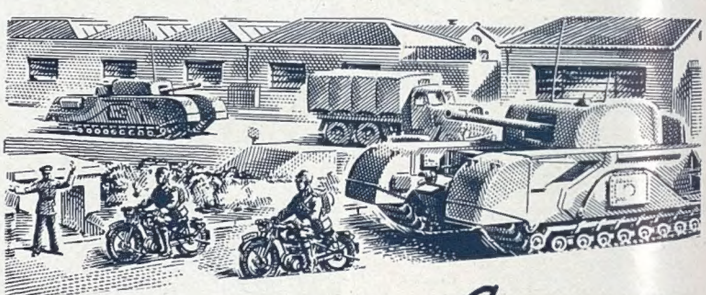

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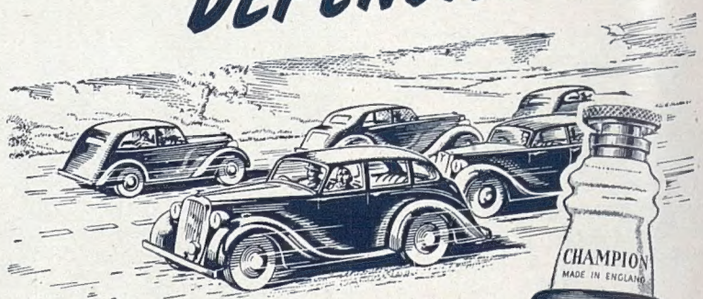

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